

JAKE KILRAIN TOO MUCH FOR JEM SMITH

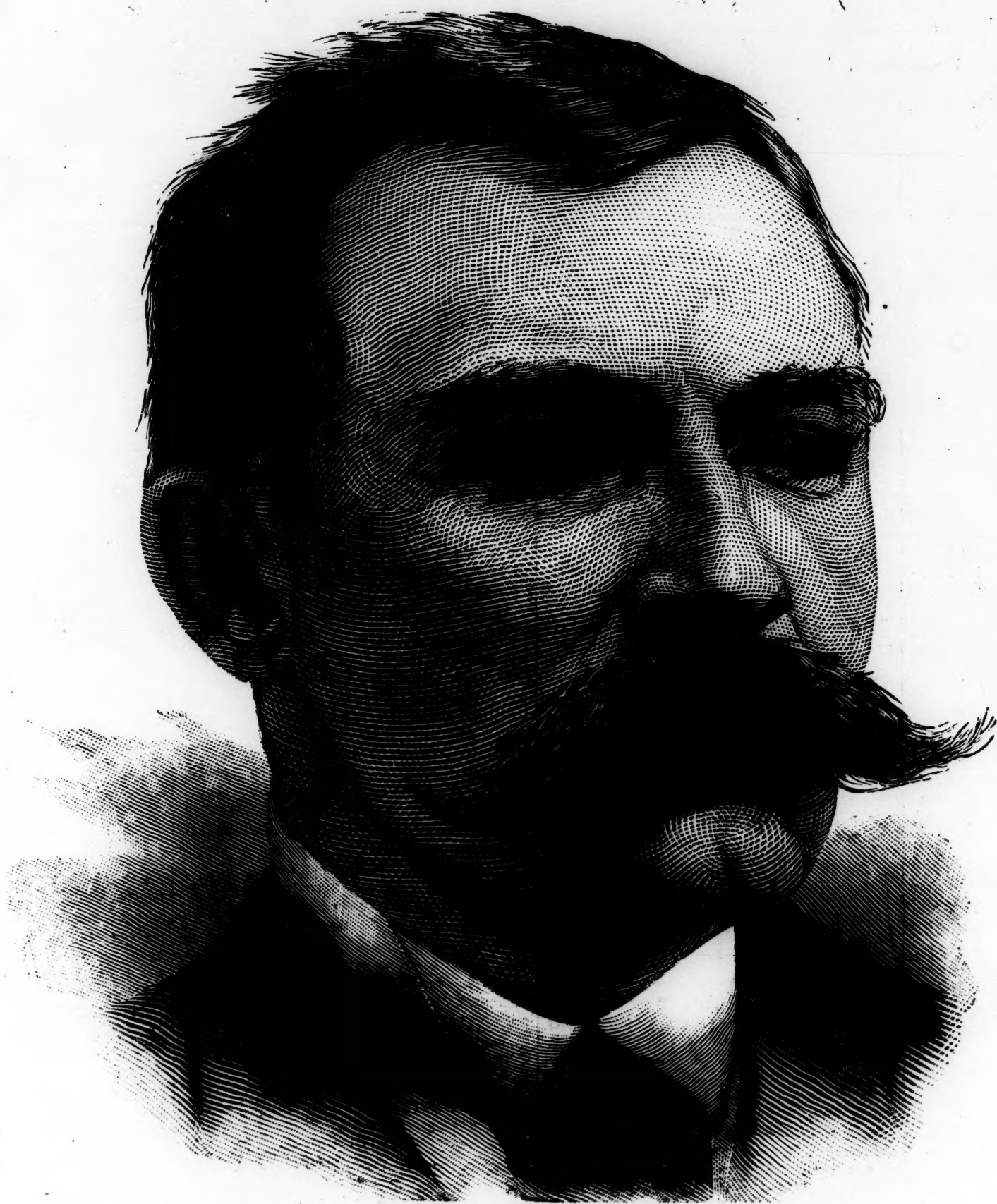
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE BIG FIGHT! THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REAL CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

JAKE KILRAIN, AMERICA'S PEERLESS REPRESENTATIVE, WHO WAS ONLY PREVENTED BY DARKNESS FROM KNOCKING OUT JEM SMITH OF ENGLAND IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGHT.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1887.OUR CHAMPION.
THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGHT.

The next number of the "Police Gazette," No. 538, will have the best and most accurate illustrations of the terrible battle with over one hundred scenes and incidents taken on the spot by "Police Gazette" special artists. There will also be presented with No. 538 a LARGE DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT of the great battle suitable for framing. Newsdealers should send their extra orders at once to their news companies.

RICHARD K. FOX.

KILRAIN'S REAL VICTORY.

Elsewhere the reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will perceive an accurate telegraphic report of the greatest battle ever fought in a prize ring. He will learn, if he hasn't already heard the news, that Jake Kilrain, selected by Richard K. Fox to represent the United States in the pugilistic arena, has acquitted himself so manfully and so valiantly in his contest with Jem Smith, England's champion, that though darkness made the issue of the fight a draw, every spectator of the fray, including all the Englishmen present, pronounced Kilrain emphatically the winner.

The history of the fight is easily told. Ill-content that the boastful challenges of Jem Smith, champion of England, should meet no response from John L. Sullivan, then posing as champion of America, Richard K. Fox urged Sullivan to close with the Briton and accept his defiance. But Sullivan declined. Then, still anxious that the slur upon his country should be repelled, Mr. Fox determined that a champion should be, in some manner, designated to answer the Englishman's arrogant boasts and assert the honor and the valor of America.

So, still assuming that Sullivan held the championship, Mr. Fox backed Jake Kilrain to fight him for it, engaging that the "Police Gazette" championship diamond belt should accompany the title, and that the winner of the fight should be accepted as the American representative, and next proceed to challenge the vaunted Englishman.

Again Sullivan weakened, and rather than do battle with Kilrain, surrendered to him both the championship and the diamond belt.

That is how Jake Kilrain went to England to meet the Briton on his native soil, and show him that America still contained a champion who didn't fear him.

How well Kilrain sustained his colors and vindicated the judgment of Richard K. Fox is told in full elsewhere. In the face of his tremendous valor and his undaunted skill how mean and small must feel the whimpering curs who tried, in their feeble way, to belittle our champion and disparage his backer! There are some of them whose folly and whose spite have been so contradicted that they ought for ever after to hold their peace.

Richard K. Fox has sent the following despatches, severally, to George W. Atkinson, referee, and Wm. E. Harding, his commissioner:

Fight must be finished. If Smith refuses shall claim belt, world's championship and stakes for Kilrain.

Richard K. Fox.
Draw won't do. Men must meet to finish. If Smith refuses shall claim belt, world's championship and stakes for Kilrain.

Richard K. Fox.
This means business and Mr. Fox intends, as soon as John L. Sullivan shall have won consideration as a real pugilist and not as a mere vaporizing, bullying braggart, in his fight with Mitchell, to give the ex-champion of America a chance to meet the actual champion of the world for any sum up to \$10,000 a side.

Make a note of this, ex-champion John L. Sullivan.

EXTRA!



JAKE'S FIGHT

The "Police Gazette"
Champion Downs
the Briton.

A GREAT BATTLE

The Most Memorable
Contest In the History
of the Ring.

SMITH WEAKENS

And Kilrain Sends Him to
Grass Twenty Times.

FIRST BLOOD

Is Awarded to the Yankee Cham-
pion and Also

FIRST KNOCKDOWN.

PARIS, Dec. 19, 1887.

The long looked for and talked about fight between Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain came off to-day on an island in the river Seine close to Paris. The most representative company of sportsmen seen in many years at a prize fight attended, and the majority being thoroughbred Englishmen, were enthusiastic admirers of Smith; they are woefully surprised at the result, which, after 106 rounds, was declared to be a draw, darkness bringing the fight to a close.

The universal opinion of competent spectators was that Kilrain had vastly the best of it, and Referee Atkinson, whom I saw to-night, said unreservedly that the fighting was almost all the time in Kilrain's favor, and in Smith's corner.

Do not fail to buy next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538. A large double-page engraving of the actual fight will be presented to each purchaser of this issue. Orders should be placed at once with your newsdealer.

A mysterious crowd had gathered at Anderson's Hotel on Sunday evening, and all were deeply excited. They came to attend the Smith-Kilrain fight, where they knew not. Presently two four-wheeled cabs drew up, and silently they entered. Half way on their journey the two four-wheelers were dismissed and a couple of hansoms carried the party to Victoria Station. Silently and swiftly the train sped out from the station and stopped at London Bridge, where another small contingent of mysterious sportsmen was embarked, thence on to Newhaven.

A Cold Night.

It was a cold bleak night. The party briskly boarded the Normandy. A heavy sea made matters uncomfortable for the men, among whom were Jack Harper and Jack Baldock, Smith's seconds. Outside Dieppe the boat was detained, tossing about until the sister boat steamed out, further adding to the discomforts of the passage. A light meal was taken on landing, and a move was made to a waiting train.

Then for the first time it leaked out that the party were bound to Rouen. Excitement rose rapidly and reached fever pitch as the train drew up at the gate of picturesque Rouen. A snow storm, however, caused another delay. Meantime parties went out to scour the city, seeking Smith and Kilrain, the principals, and other high officials in the coming fight.

The weather improved and spirits rose. Another move and the party again embarked this time on board one of the broad river steamers. They were bound for the scene of the ring, which, suffice it to say, was roughly speaking fifty miles from Paris and near a picturesque little town.

Kilrain and Smith each held a kind of levee on board the boat. The former was seated near the funnel, quiet and grave, with a keen look in his eye. "Pony" Moore mounted constant guard over America's champion, and Charley Rowell stood in faithful attendance.

Jem Smith, still further aft, held smiling converse with his manager and friends and the while chewed nonchalantly the ever present toothpick.

Both gladiators were carefully wrapped in rugs and coats, and from what could be seen both appeared in the pink of condition. Smith looked beaming, whereas Kilrain had a somewhat anxious demeanor, apparently feeling the responsibility of the situation more keenly than his adversary.

Driving the Stakes.

The shore reached, Dick Roberts and Smith's brothers went ashore ahead of the rest with the inevitable pair of beetles of monster mallets to hammer the stakes into the ground. They did their work in businesslike style and soon all was in readiness.

While the finishing touches were being put to the roped arena and seats were being brought for the seconds, with other necessary furnishing, a quail of fear passed through the breasts of not a few of the spectators who desisted a figure that looked like a gendarme in "Genevieve de Brabant." He carried something that shone in the brilliant afternoon sun like the accoutrements of the French military police. It was presently discovered that he was accompanied by a hound of more or less ignoble breed; that he was a common Gallic sportsman diligently engaged in shooting just nothing at all. Two mounted observers, who subsequently ambled along on the opposite bank of the river, turned out to be civilians, with no taste for the fine art of prize fighting; and a number of horses galloping about in the further distance proved to be a lot of thoroughbreds, and not by any means a company of Chasseurs prepared to make a descent on the ropes and stakes.

Frenchmen View the Battle.

To anticipate somewhat, the combatants were not without a complement of French spectators. The crew of a steamer, from skipper to stoker, took an interest in the bruising, and toward the finish of the combat a group of landed gentry, with several specimens of the French laborer, drew near to the ringside. Several young ladies from a neighboring chateau came as far as the gates of the demeane, but not being enamored of what they beheld from that point of view they fled.

Smith was the first to cast in his castor amid cheers, and presently Kilrain followed with his caubeen act, being greeted in the usual way.

Mr. George W. Atkinson was the referee.

There was some spirited betting to large amounts. The wagering opened at two to one on Smith, the first bet recorded being £400 laid by Jem Smith against £300 put up by Harding, Mr. Fox's representative, on behalf of Kilrain. There were other transactions in one or two hands in sums over this figure.

Earnest Wells, the head of the Pelican Club, kept the fun going by throwing a large laying commission on the market in favor of Smith.

The Men in Fine Condition.

No time was lost in peeling, and when the belligerents appeared in buff the superb condition of each man excited general admiration.

Smith fought in white trunks, or breeches, and green socks, and Kilrain in sable continuations and brown socks.

The minute narrative of the fight, round by round, will satisfy our readers who desire full particulars of the most extraordinary battle—drawn as that battle had to be—in the records of the ring.

It may be stated here that Kilrain never in his life before fought a knuckle fight, and never saw one. All his previous work has been with gloves. He surprised everybody, including his warmest admirers, and pos-

sibly astonished himself. Smith was unable to get in his belly punch, with one to follow from the other hand, so effective was Kilrain's parrying. In fact, so good was Kilrain that he made another kind of a fighter of Smith from what Smith was when he fought Greenfield.

Kilrain's Defence Invulnerable.

Kilrain's defence was invulnerable, and he carried the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. For the most part he fought Smith up into the latter's own corner, and grassed him there. Indeed, the occurrence of anything contrary to this rule was so rare that it never failed to excite enthusiastic cheers on the part of Smith's admirers.

To Kilrain's long reach with his wonderful left there was added a capacity to wrestle which no doubt went far to secure the American the success he achieved. Exchanges were followed by hugs and throws, with Smith mostly undermost and now and then a characteristic punch from one or other was what it amounted to. Twice did Kilrain knock Smith clean off his pins.

There were other knockdown blows of a kind, but those were terrific. There was no corresponding performance on the part of Smith to chronicle.

Kilrain's wrestling, although he is only an elementary wrestler, was too much for Smith, who, although said to be a professional, is but a poor hand at it.

Toward the conclusion of this great fight for endurance—for it was certainly that—the score was all one way, and that for Kilrain, except for about three rounds, when Smith came again wonderfully and raised the hopes of his friends. At length darkness put an end to a fight that had lasted two hours and a half—the longest, hardest battle ever fought by two heavy men.

This is not the only case of a fight having been stopped by darkness. There was that of Madden and Jack Grant, who fought at Cooking for five hours and three-quarters. They, however, were middle-weight men.

Smith won the toss, and naturally chose the best corner, with his back toward the sun, which was shining brightly. Both men looked in the pink of condition. Seven to two on Smith was freely offered, and several bets were made at that price.

When the men walked out from their corners and had shaken hands they found that the corks had not been taken off their shoes. This having been done the fight began.

ROUND 1—Both played cautiously at the start, until Smith got his left home on the cheek and just missed a counter. Next time Smith went for the head with his left, and only just missed a hot right-hander from Kilrain, but was caught on the ribs with Kilrain's left. Before he completely recovered himself Smith let go his left and followed it by the right, but no harm had been done, when both closed and fell, Smith under. Time, 35 seconds.

2—As Kilrain sat in his corner his face wore a smile, while Smith grinned as if he was quite satisfied with his first feeler at the American. Both came up quickly to time and both struck almost simultaneously, both, however, short. Then Smith got home on the cheek with his left and they closed, falling, Smith uppermost. Time, 12 seconds.

3—Smith started quickly by leading at Kilrain's chin, and stopped his counter. He was not so fortunate when Kilrain again let go his left, as it buried itself in Smith's stomach, but Smith replied by planting his left on the American's mouth. Both hit again, but lightly, when they closed, locked and came down. Time, 18 seconds.

4—Smith scored first on the mouth, then on the head, and Kilrain reached Smith's jaw. This round was ended by a good exhibition of wrestling, but when both fell Smith was again under. Time, 21 seconds.

Most of the Fight in Smith's Corner.

5 and 6—Although the previous rounds had all been short, the ground had, by now, been so worn, especially in Smith's corner, that it was evident that most of the work was being done on a piece of ground not a third of the 24 feet. Kilrain kept to the right of the ring and Smith to the left. To anticipate the close, at the end of the 2 hours and 31 minutes of fighting there was hardly a footmark on one-half the ring. From this time both men freely used resin for their hands. As soon as they had reached striking distance both led a little short. Smith, who throughout kept his left higher than Kilrain, kept his right well across the body. Kilrain began by getting home on the ribs, when each scored two or three times on the body before they began hugging. Smith fell first and laughed heartily as he was carried to his corner.

At this time 4 to 1 was laid on Smith.

7 and 8—Nothing was done of any importance.

Kilrain's Eye Swollen.

9—Kilrain came up with his right eye swollen and he looked far from cheerful, but the fighting in this round was better than in any of the previous ones, both getting in heavily on the ribs. Time, 18 seconds.

10—Kilrain received three blows at first in the ribs with both hands, but immediately returned a weighty drive on Smith's forehead with his right. They both kept busy, and after 26 seconds of fighting fell together on the ropes.

11—After some light sparring Kilrain let go his right

With next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538, will be presented a splendid double-page supplement, illustrating the actual battle, from sketches. Orders for this issue should be at once given to your newsman.

clean from the shoulder, which sounded well on Smith's ribs. Kilrain then stopped several badly meant blows from Smith, when he let go with his right again on the ribs, and, clinching, fell. Time, 32 seconds.

12 and 13—Both these rounds were very light.

14—Smith showed a graze on his right temple when he faced Kilrain. They immediately got together, stood at half arm distance, punching in give and take style, when both fell. Time, 23 seconds.

15—Smith was short with his left, when Kilrain got home a beautiful pile-driver on Smith's nose and another on his mouth, but Smith had the best of the fall. Time, 43 seconds.

16—After an objection to Smith's seconds putting something on his hands, which was overruled, Kilrain hit Smith on the face, but tried to follow it up and was countered with a heavy hit on the mouth. The round ended with the usual scrambling fall. Time, 33 seconds.

17—Kilrain's condition was decidedly superior when they faced each other, as Smith was blowing, while Kilrain's mouth was shut and he looked the picture of coolness. Smith was evidently eager, but he could not gain an opening, and was lucky to get out of danger by slipping down. Time, 32 seconds.

Kilrain's Clean Knockdown.

18—So far Kilrain had had all the best of the fighting, and no more offers were heard to lay odds on Smith; but, despite the latter's great punishment, he came up smiling. Kilrain, however, found the opening he had been wanting, and, shooting his right out with terrific force, caught Smith on the jaw, and he was driven clean off his feet. The sound of the blow could have been heard fifty yards away. Mitchell triumphantly claimed first knockdown, which could not possibly be objected to. Smith was not so much hurt as was expected, but he looked very old-fashioned while being attended to by his seconds. Time, 7 seconds.

19—Kilrain followed up his advantage by forcing the fighting, but to everyone's surprise Smith was very much alive and, dodging Kilrain's left, fairly beat him in a wrestle and springing to his feet walked to his corner. Time, 12 seconds.

20, 21 and 22—Nothing was done but light work, all the rounds ending by both falling, Smith under.

23—Smith very quickly let go his left and reached Kilrain's nose, but he replied with both hands on Smith's jaw, both perfect slugs. In the clinch when coming at each other, Baldoock called out, "You cannot throw him," to which Jake replied, "Can't I?" and down Smith went. Time, 16 seconds.

24, 25 and 26—Very light, short and uninteresting.

27—This was a case of hard hitting all round, first being one from Jem on Kilrain's damaged eye with his right, a blow which brought about a nasty fall for both, as they rolled over and over, tightly hugging each other around the neck. Time, 29 seconds.

28 to 33—Light sparring and falls. No damage.

34—By this round it was evident that, barring accidents, the fast battle between the heavy weights might be a long one, as each stood heavy hitting well, and it was simply marvellous to see the way in which the fighters' legs stood under them. Smith began bustling, but not much was done before they clinched. Then Kilrain was able to get in two or three digs for nothing, and both fell together, Smith appearing stronger than he had been. Time, 35 seconds.

Looks Like Kilrain.

35—Nothing done; only time wasted for 19 seconds.

36—Kilrain's right eye was very much puffed and Smith's left ear was as big as a banana. Before a blow was struck they clinched and fell. Time, 26 seconds. Smith appearing to get stronger gave his backers fresh hopes. They looked happier, thinking the turning point had come at last.

37 to 40—These were very dull and made the spectators standing round the ring very weary.

41—Kilrain was decidedly fresher of the two, and when they fell after a struggle, Smith's head was doubled under Kilrain's shoulder. Time, 36 seconds.

42 to 55—These were slightly in favor of Kilrain, who in the latter fell heavily on Smith, but when the 56th round commenced Smith improved again, and the pair went at it hammer and tongs. This was the smartest round of the fight. Time, 37 seconds.

57—This was light again and little done.

58—Kilrain got another good opening and sent Smith down with a blow that would have killed an ox. Time, 8 seconds.

Punishment.

59—Smith came up smiling, but when he had received a warm 'un in his ribs he went down. Time, 6 seconds.

60—Kilrain looked to have the battle won here, so he let Smith have his left and right on the eye and damaged ear, when Smith went down. Time, 12 seconds.

61 and 62—Kilrain went to apparently fall weak, and Smith was able to rally slightly.

63—This was a blank.

64—Jem thrice got on Kilrain's damaged eye and the latter got on Smith's jaw heavily, but this did not send him down as others had, and Smith's reply was to fairly throw Kilrain with a backheel, and then he walked to his own corner. Time, 30 seconds.

65 to 85—These were dull again.

87—Smith was knocked off his legs again with Kilrain's great right straight on his damaged ear, which was badly slit.

Fighting in Partial Darkness.

88—Jem went at Jake and actually forced him down in 5 seconds.

89 to 105—These were fought in partial darkness. Murmurs of dissatisfaction were heard all around. The referee's orders were "one more."

106 and Last—When they came up for the 106th and last round Smith seemed to revive marvellously, and was very quick on his legs and as sharp with his hands as a feather-weight just starting for an exhibition. Then the referee stopped the fight. It occupied 2 hours 31 minutes.

WHAT SPORTING MEN THINK.

Billy Edwards got a despatch which contained this additional sentence at the end:

"Smith has a good left, bad right." These six compact little words probably told the whole logic of the battle—so, at least, thought many of the prominent sportsmen and patrons of sportsmen who were present.

Billy Edwards hastened to remark: "No, I am not exactly surprised, Kilrain is a mighty good man. I felt quite sure he could make a splendid fight if the Englishmen would only let him. The trouble was that they might stop it, you know, the moment they found Smith was being whipped. That's about as it turned out anyway, isn't it? The fight was suspended because of the darkness, I understand, although Kilrain was anxious to go on. I feel perfectly confident that he would have won in another round or two. Kilrain hits a very clean, straight blow, an excellent counter and a good cross counter."

"The conclusion, then, is that the result is substantially a victory for Kilrain, isn't it?"

"Yes, it looks very much that way. Any man who stands up 106 rounds before such a slugger as Jem Smith, a draw being then declared or the fight suspended, is entitled to be regarded as almost a victor until it is continued and fought out. The match must be determined on another day, and that as soon as possible. It is the duty of the referee to bring it to a finish without delay. The fight should be continued to-morrow, or, at furthest, between Sunday and Sunday."

"Well, if it is only a draw, Sullivan can't fight the winner, can he?"

"No, but he can fight them both," said Edwards, significantly.

"Had Sullivan been in that ring would there have been 106 rounds?"

"Possibly there might have been—less 100."

Mike Donovan Surprised.

The New York Athletic Club was yet in the dark regarding the fight when the reporter late in the afternoon carried to it the light of his freshly acquired information.

Professor Mike Donovan came down the back stairs in his fighting costume, but he received his visitor with the gentleness of a lamb.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "I'm greatly surprised. I was quite sure that Smith would win. Of course we haven't seen him in this country at all, and we must depend on what we have read about him, but everything seemed to indicate that he was the sort of man to use up Kilrain. Smith's great strength, his English tenacity and his terrible infighting were his formidable points. His short-arm blows have been described as something fearful, and I believe that they are. Clever as a man might be, he could not put a stop to that sort of assault by cleverness alone. Kilrain is a clever boy and mighty agile, but I never believed he could strike with anything like the tremendous force of Smith. Smith's rushes are the most to be dreaded. I have boxed with Kilrain in public exhibitions, so that I know just what he can do in the matter of science."

Kilrain Would Have Won.

"Well, there is this certainly to be said—if the fight lasted 106 rounds and Kilrain was not worsted he must have had the best of it throughout. Under those conditions I believe he would have won easily in the end. Perhaps a good part of my opinion that Smith would be the victor was influenced by the knowledge that his friends probably would be there in great force and that Kilrain would not be permitted to finish his man. I hope that I am mistaken in that, and that they will come together again as soon as they can and have it out."

"There are some points in Kilrain's make-up which are strongly in his favor. He's a big, broad-shouldered fellow, remarkably quick on his feet and with a great reach. These points should have told against Smith, and I have no doubt they did."

"I suppose that Sullivan will now go for the man who shows the more earnest desire to finish the fight, taking it as a test of his pluck and confidence. There can't be much question as to the result when the Boston boy is inside the ropes."

And with this remark Prof. Donovan returned upstairs to continue the useful occupation of beating a very practical kind of knowledge into the healthy skulls of New York's wealth and aristocracy.

Jem Carney's Late Antagonist.

Jack McAuliffe, who lately fought a draw for the light-weight championship with Jem Carney, was about to show his science at Jack McMasters' benefit, in Williamsburg, when a Herald reporter told him the news.

"Kilrain is a lucky mar," said McAuliffe, who was looking as rosy as a ripe apple and as strong as Williamsburg cheese. "Kilrain is mighty lucky to have made a draw of it. The Englishman would have won by fair or foul means if he could, and he had Kilrain on his own ground, as you might call it."

"I tell you, we fighters are brought up in a different school from the Englishmen, who have been inventing sparring tricks and practicing them for some hundred years. Kilrain only knows how to fight—he don't think of hoisting his knee into a man's stomach, or of pressing his hand against his opponent's windpipe, or of squeezing his nostrils, or of tearing his flesh with his nails as he withdraws his fist, opening it after delivering a blow. Those are neat little English tricks. Little things, those, you think, eh? I tell you the referee can't see them half the time if he wants to, and I'd rather stand up and be knocked down than to have them played on me."

"Mind, I don't say that Smith acted in any such way, but I say this. Kilrain knows none of those tricks. I am very sorry he did not win, but he was lucky to draw the fight."

"I think either of them could give Sullivan a good fight," said McAuliffe, delivering his expert opinion with the same air as Sir Morrell Mackenzie might use in giving his ideas of cancer of the throat. "Sullivan could not fight 106 rounds. London prize ring rules or any other rules. I'd like to see Kilrain thrash him."

Kilrain Should Have Won.

Patrick Sharkey, of Fourth avenue and Thirteenth street, who has long been prominent among patrons of the pugilistic art, said:

"I shall always think that Kilrain was entitled to the fight. It seems, from all I can learn, that he had the best of it from start to finish, and that if an unprejudiced decision had been given he would have been declared the winner. It was not like the match between Sullivan and Tux Wilson. In that there was a definite understanding that unless Sullivan could knock Wilson out in four rounds the Englishman was to be declared the winner. Well, Sullivan did not knock him out in four rounds, for the reason that Tux was too good a dodger, and thus lost the match."

"But this was a fight on the merits of the men, and the man who had the best of it should have been declared the winner. It seems to me that a 10 American who goes to England gets the same fair play that Americans give to Englishmen who come here."

Heenan's Old Trainer.

Jim Cusick, now the genius of order at Delmonico's, who trained and seconded John Heenan, the American, when he fought against Tom Sayers, the Britisher, said:

"The ref-ree, Atkinson, gave them just such a dose as Darling, then editor of *Bell's Life*, and supposed to be the oracle in all sporting affairs, gave me twenty-seven years ago, when he disappeared from the ring side before any of us knew he was gone."

"I tell you, as I told Kilrain, that there is no honor or honesty among sporting men in England when an outsider is concerned. They'll see fair play between Englishmen, but devil take the foreigner."

"Of course, it proves to me that Kilrain is the better man. He's a big, clever fellow; a hard hitter with both hands. Jem Smith, if the photographs of him sent to me from England are correct, is more fit to pose as a model for a sculptor than to fight in the ring, with his heavy legs and short and slow bound arms."

"If Atkinson wanted fair play why did he not give the fight to Kilrain when Smith kept dropping on his knees, as the latest reports that I've read said he did? Is that fighting? No, that's a trick English pugilists learned years ago in the hope that the other fellow will strike them, and then they'll win on a foul, great fighters that they are."

"As to fighting Sullivan? Sullivan can thrash Smith with one hand. Why, I saw Sullivan lick Greenfield with two punches, when it took Smith Heaven knows how long to do him. Kilrain can give Sullivan the best fight of any man on either side of the water. Sullivan has never known what it really is to train, but he'll have to learn before he fights Kilrain."

Joe Coburn's Views.

Joe Coburn said: "From personal knowledge, I was well aware that a 'stand off' is the very best an American fighter can get when doing battle on the other side for the championship. However fair or unfair the English may be in other sports, the followers of prize fighting in England will not allow any foreigner to carry away the championship of England."

"I am not much surprised at Kilrain 'beating' Smith. He has a longer reach, is taller, heavier and has youth on his side. Of course nothing is sure in a fight until it is over, but I think Kilrain would have won if it had been finished."

"Will Kilrain be able to whip Sullivan?"

"No, Sullivan can whip them all."

OPINIONS AND CONGRATULATIONS.

Directly after the fight Richard K. Fox received more than a hundred congratulatory dispatches from prominent sporting men. The most important of which are subjoined. From the Wild West show:

MANCHESTER, Dec. 20, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York:

Congratulations. Good for Jake. I am delighted. Who was George Washington. JOHN M. BURKE.

From Mrs. Jake Kilrain.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 19, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York:

Received your message. Was about crazy from reports. Thanks for kindness. MRS. JAKE KILRAIN.

From Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 20, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York:

On behalf of the citizens of Wilkesbarre, I congratulate you on the success of yours and the world's champion. Send out of yourself. DANIEL L. HART.

From Paton Davies.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20, 1887.

To Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York:

Accept my congratulations for the great showing Jake Kilrain made against the English champion. All honor to him and his backer. CHAS. E. DAVIES.

Why, Cert'nly!

BOSTON, Dec. 20, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, New York:

Win or lose with Smith, do not match Kilrain against Sullivan for a year from date. Telegraph answer.

PADDY CAMPBELL,

8 Howard Street.

SPORTING NOTES.

Mr. Charles Bathgate, who purchased the tract of land in Westchester, which report said was for the purpose of building a new race track, says that: "the property was bought for Mr. John Morris, who intends to establish a breeding farm, to which he will eventually bring the brood mares he now owns in Maryland, and probably those to be bought in England by young Mr. Morris. Mr. Bathgate said that he had no knowledge whether Mr. Morris would build a training track or not, but thought it very unlikely. As to the Castle Point reports, Mr. Bathgate and Mr. Jerome had looked over several pieces of ground for the racing association incorporated as the Manhattan Jockey Club, and a surveyor had been instructed to measure one piece of ground to ascertain if it was large enough to give a straight three-quarters and a horse-shoe-shaped track of a mile and a half, but nothing further had been done. As to Jerome Park, Mr. Bathgate knew nothing positive as to whether it would be taken by the Croton authorities. He thought, however, that while the park had many natural advantages, the cost would be more than the Commissioners would think of paying."

Chevalier Ira Paine shot 2,900 rounds with a .38 calibre revolver at a standard American target, distance fifty yards and one foot, Dec. 13 and 14, at the grounds of the Narragansett Gun Club, in the presence of the president of the club, E. W. Tinker, and Deputy Chief of the City Police John Brown, who measured the distance and verified the shots. The first day he fired 150 shots and made 174 bull's-eyes, with a total of 1,670, and out of a possible 1,900 averaged 87.9. The scores were: 89, 85, 87, 85, 90, 92, 81, 89, 85, 82, 85, 85, 81, 87, 88, 91, 88, 89—1,370.

The second day he fired 100 shots and made 84 bull's-eyes, with a total of 874 out of a possible 1,000; average, 87.4. Scores: 92, 89, 89, 88, 88, 85, 85, 83, 88—874. This gives him a total of 2,544 out of a possible 2,900; 258 bull's-eyes out of a possible 290, and a grand average of 87.69.

He now challenges F. E. Bennett to accept one or all of the following wagers:

One thousand dollars that he (Paine) can make more bull's-eyes in 600 shots than Mr. Bennett did or can.

One thousand dollars that he can beat the record made by Bennett at Walnut Hill.

One thousand dollars that he can shoot 600 shots against Mr. Bennett and beat him, any time or place.

He has deposited \$1,000 each with the Boston Herald and Globe for Bennett to cover.

Henry Brown and Ed Taylor fought a desperate prize fight in an east side hall for a purse of \$100 early on the morning of the 16th inst. Only a few were given the tip and every precaution was taken to prevent the police from discovering the rendezvous. Brown was backed by Sam Cohn and seconded by Lew Wagner. Taylor was backed by Bill Doran, and Phil Leslie looked after his wants. Brown is 5 feet 5 inches in height and weighed 135 pounds. Taylor is the same height, but weighed 1 pound less. A ring was pitched, and Fred Teisner was chosen referee. When time was called the men went to the centre of the orthodox, and sparred very cautiously. They soon got together and fought desperately at close quarters until Brown back-heeled his antagonist and threw him heavily to the floor. In the second round Brown began his work in a businesslike manner and forced the fighting. Taylor was again felled, and his back was badly hurt. Both men settled down to work in the third round, and it was hammer and tongs throughout. The honors in this round were about evenly divided. Brown began the fourth round in a ferocious manner, rushing at Taylor and pounding him heavily. The latter began to show signs of weakening, and it was only a matter of time when he would be obliged to quit. When time was called for the fifth round, Brown responded quickly, but Taylor, who was very weak, desired to quit. He was urged by his seconds to continue and he faced Brown. The latter pounded Taylor, and finally knocked him down. When time was called for the sixth round Taylor was so weak that he could not respond, and the fight was awarded to Brown. The fighting time was 35 minutes.

Lawrence M. Donovan, the Fourth Ward bridge jumper, is filling the position of master of ceremonies at the Aquarium, London, Eng. Recently, in the Vaudeville theatre, he saw a man pick up a pocketbook. The man was about to transfer it to his own pocket when the New Yorker grasped him by the wrist and said: "Hand that into the box office." "I will give it to the bobby," said the party with the pocketbook. Donovan followed the man and saw him pass by the policeman stationed in the theatre and hurry toward the street. On the threshold Donovan said: "Give up that pocketbook," but the man refused. At this juncture a girl came out of the theatre crying, and claimed she had lost a pocketbook. Donovan informed the policeman, and he made the finder give the pocketbook to the girl, who at once offered the American half a sovereign. Donovan refused to accept and said he was glad that he was the means of restoring the money. After Donovan left the theatre the man, who was waiting outside, said he had a mind to thrash Donovan. "What for?" said Donovan, "because I stopped you from robbing that girl of her week's wages." A crowd gathered and the man started in. Donovan proved that he could use his mawley, for he flattened the man out and two of the Drury Lane gang. The police arrived and on learning the circumstances did not arrest Donovan. Donovan is under bail for bridge jumping. He intends to jump from the Clifton Bridge, a distance of 210 feet. Every one who has attempted to jump this bridge has lost his life. The water is only 35 feet deep, including six feet mud. Donovan, however, is bound to make the attempt. He says there is an hospital on one side of the river and an undertaker's adjoining it.

UNSEEMLY CONDUCT WITH A PARISHIONER.

This is what comes from Tunkhannock, Pa., Oct. 23: Daggett's Mills, a small farming settlement in the lower part of Bradford county, is regaling itself upon a lively church scandal, the details of which were brought out by an investigation by the Board of Trustees held yesterday afternoon. The spiritual welfare of the members of the Evangelical Church of that village was under the pastoral care of Rev. John Sarvis, who has felt his work greatly retarded by the non-attendance of professing members.

After admonishing them repeatedly, he laid their cases before the trustees of the church, specifying in his complaint that these members would pass the hours of church service in worldly amusements unbefitting Christians. On various pretexts the investigation of these charges were put off from time to time, until on Monday last the minister found counter-charges against him which had a decidedly ugly appearance, the chief specification of which was that he was guilty of immoral conduct, and that while out riding with one of the pretty female members of the church he was seen to put his arm around her waist and hug and kiss her.

Yesterday the minister demanded that he be given a hearing, and when this was done admitted the charge made against him, but claimed it was done with a good motive. The Board of Trustees at once took sides with the pastor, and returned a verdict upholding his action. The result has been a threatened disruption of the church, and the opponents of the Rev. Mr. Sarvis declare that he will not be allowed to preach any more in the church, and that they will force his absence if he comes near it to-morrow.

A PREACHER UNDER SUSPICION.

A correspondent at Van Wert, Ohio, wrote Sept. 22: A harness thief has been robbing farmers in this county right and left. To-day eleven sets of the stolen harness were found in the barn of a preacher named C. A. Rhiensart, who lives on a farm five miles west of town. Buried in a wheat bin were sacks of clover seed, a box of new augers, new axes, wooden bowls, eleven pair of shoes and other movables. The shafts of a new buggy stolen in Union Township last week were in one of his sheds. He was detected by two farmers from Indiana, who traced the stolen harness to his barn. A warrant is out for his arrest, but he has wrapped his form and fled. His wife and children are broken-hearted.

NELS OLSON HOLONG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Holong has been found guilty of the murder of Lillie Field, at Fergus Falls, Minn. It only took the jury twenty minutes to find the fatal verdict. The case is the sensation of that section of the country.

TAYLOR AND MRS. WILSON.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

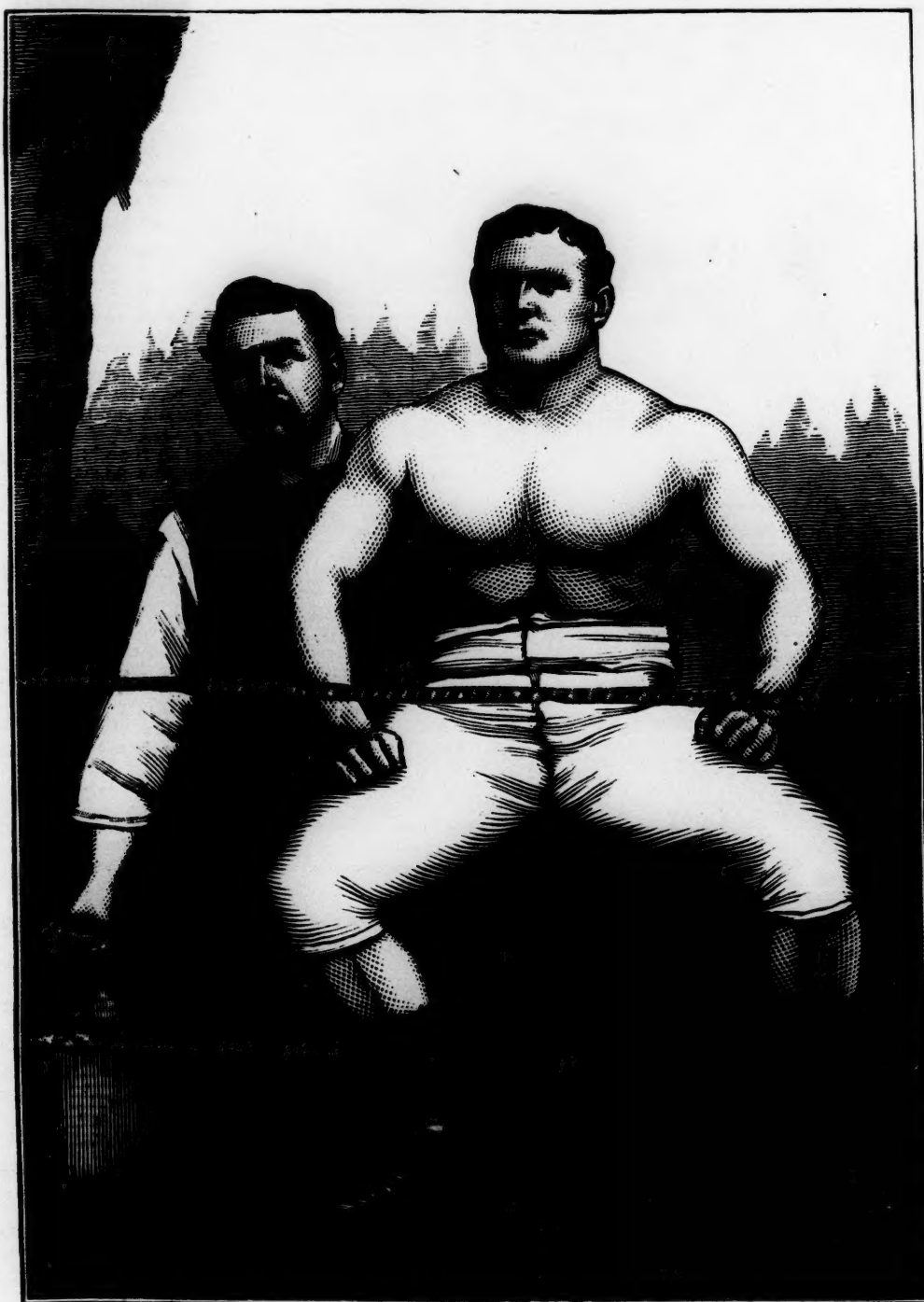
Altoona, Pa., has a sensation in the elopement of Mrs. James Wilson with Albert W. Taylor, an English dude. The many friends of Mr. Wilson, the deserted husband, sympathize deeply with him in his great trouble.

Do not fail to buy next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538. A large double-page engraving of the actual fight will be presented to each purchaser of this issue. Orders should be placed at once with your newsdealer.



JOE. M. WEBER,

A YOUNG KNOCKABOUT DUTCH COMEDIAN.



HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

JEM SMITH, SITTING ON THE KNEE OF HIS SECOND, JACK HARPER, JUST BEFORE THE GREAT FIGHT.—FROM THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



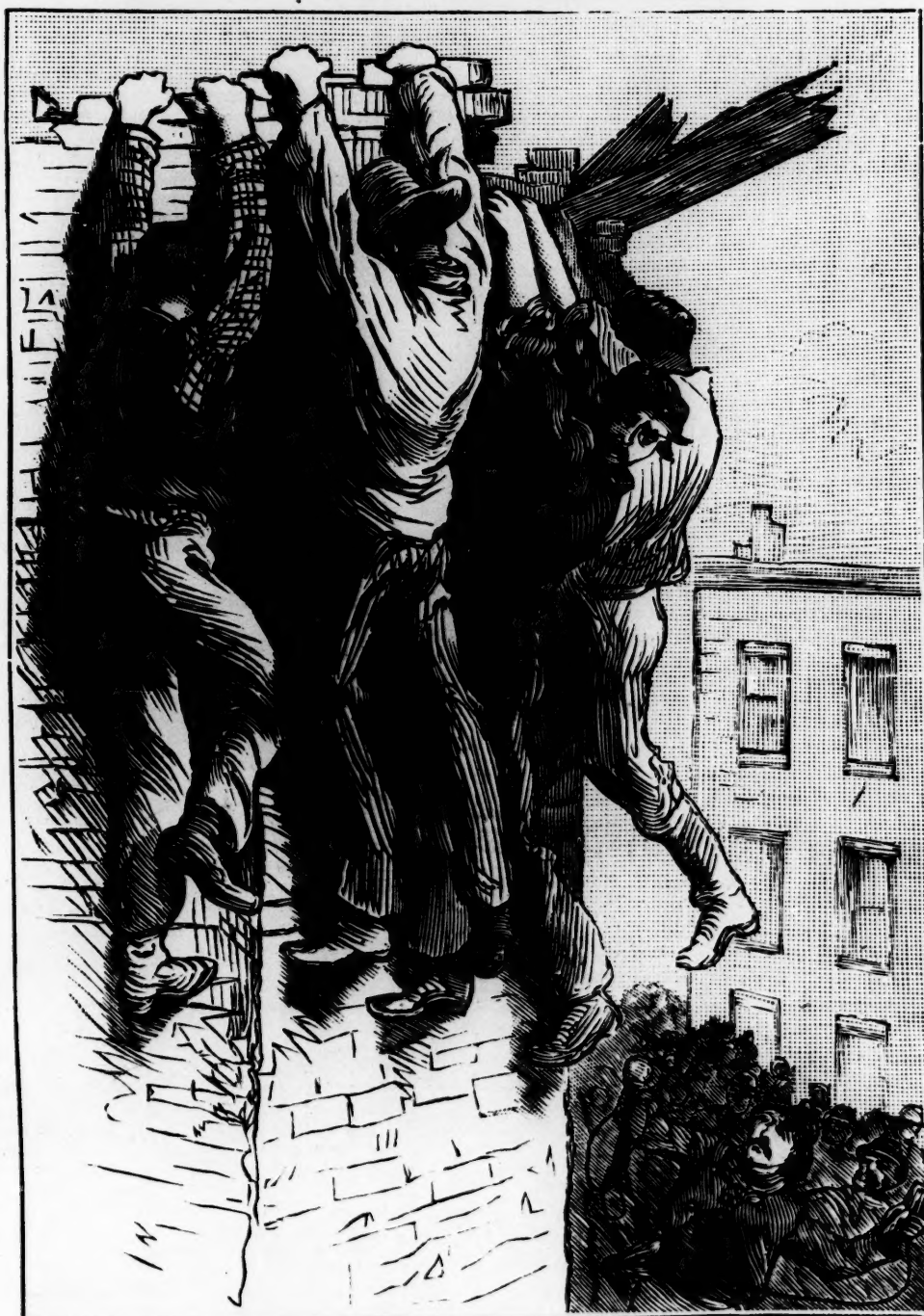
A COWBOY'S PISTOL.

HOW IT BROKE UP AN INTENDED PRIZE FIGHT AND STARTLED A CROWD OF SPORTS AT HAMMOND, INDIANA.



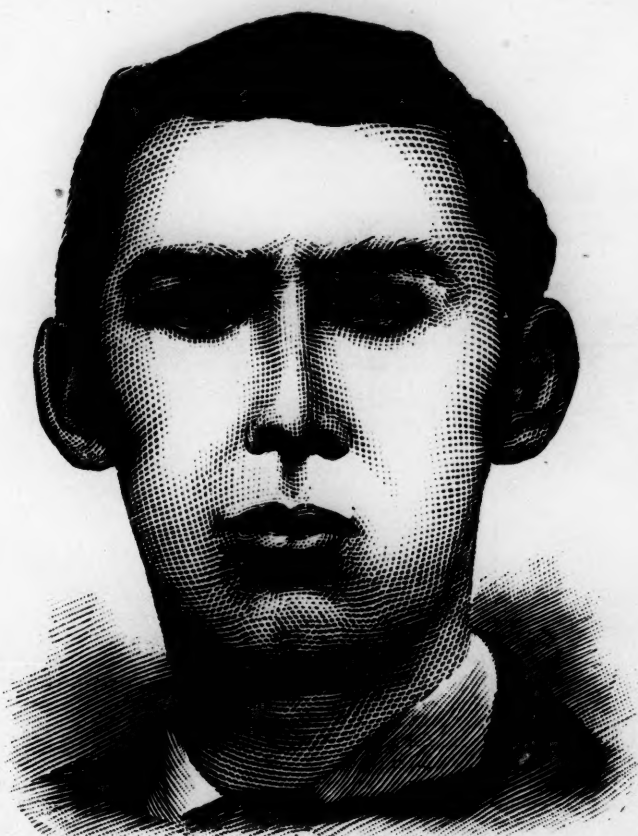
SHE WAS PROTECTING HER DAUGHTER.

MRS. MARY WILLIAMS OF DORCHESTER, MASS., IS FATAALLY WOUNDED BY A COW-ARDLY RUFFIAN NAMED HOAR.



HUNG TO THE WALL LIKE FLIES.

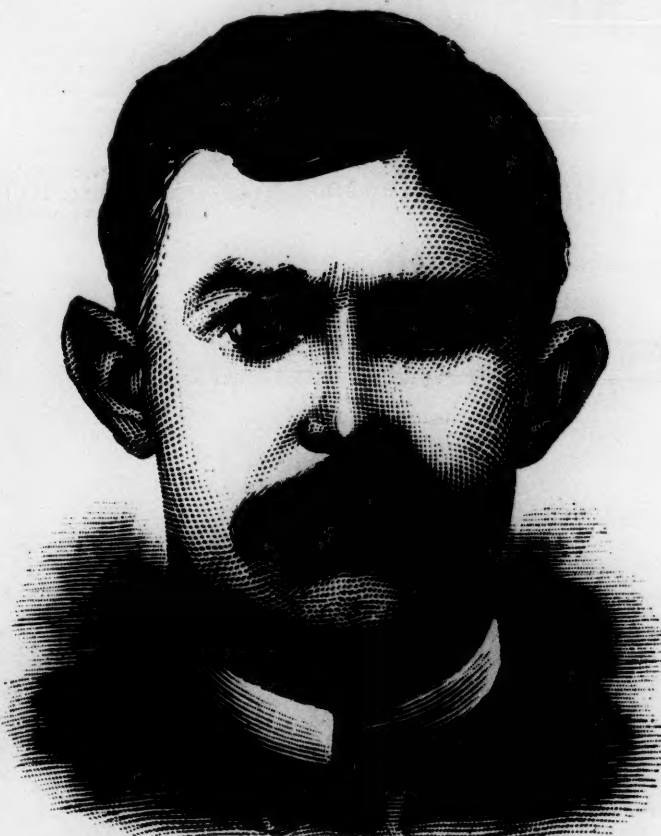
FOUR MEN MEET WITH AN APPALLING SUDDEN DEATH ON A WATER-TOWER AT THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA.



JAMES WILSON,
THE INJURED HUSBAND OF THE LADY WHO HAS SKIPPED AWAY
WITH TAYLOR THE ENGLISH DUDE, ALTOONA, PA.



MRS. WILSON,
THE MISGUIDED WIFE WHO HAS GONE OFF WITH THE BRITISH
MASHER ALBERT TAYLOR, ALTOONA, PA.



ALBERT W. TAYLOR,
THE BLOOMING BRITISHER WHO HAS LEFT ALTOONA, PA., WITH
HIS FRIEND WILSON'S GAY AND FESTIVE WIFE.



A CONVICT'S REVENGE.

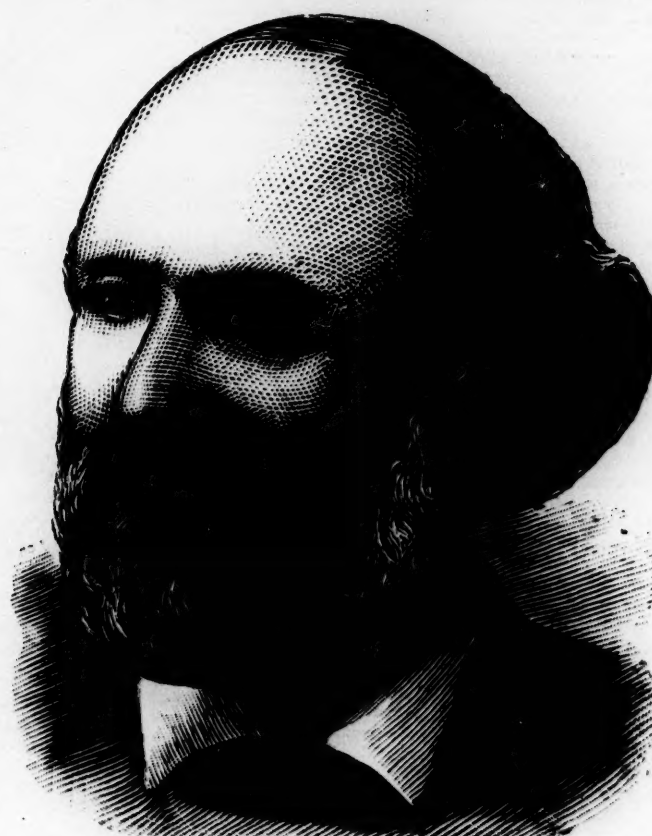
KEEPER JOSEPH SMIDT OF THE CHESTER, ILLINOIS, PRISON IS BLINDED BY THE CANE THRUST INTO HIS EYE BY ONE LAWSON.



NELS OLSON HOLONG,
THE SLAYER OF PRETTY LILLIE FIELD FOUND GUILTY OF THE
ATROCIOUS DEED AT FERGUS FALLS.



DR. MORRISON MUNFORD,
THE EDITOR OF THE KANSAS CITY "TIMES" WHO WAS COWARDLY
ASSAULTED BY ED. CORRIGAN AT KANSAS CITY, MO.



REV. JUSTIN D. FULTON,
WHOSE BOOK, "WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED" MAKE SOME BOSTON
FEMALE COMPOSITORS BLUSH AND KICK.

HIGHBINDERS.

The World-Famous Organization of Chinese Cut-Throats.

THEIR BOLDNESS.

How They are Employed and Commanded to Commit Atrocious Murders.

A HORDE OF THUGS.

A special from San Francisco, Dec. 12, says: Not for many years has Chinatown been so much excited as it is at present over the deadly feud of two rival highbinder societies. About six years ago the highbinders became so exasperated over a series of assassinations that the members of two societies met in an alley at midday and engaged in a pitched battle, which resulted in two killed and several wounded. Since then affairs have been comparatively quiet until a few months ago, when the trial and conviction of "Little Pete," a notorious highbinder, led to the attempted murder of several Chinese who had given evidence against him. Then came the Supreme Court decision granting a new trial to a dangerous highbinder named Lee Chuck, convicted of murder in the first degree. This leniency seemed to encourage the lawless element in Chinatown, and a few days after one highbinder shot another dead over a game of cards. This murder occurred last Wednesday night and no clew has been or probably ever will be obtained to the assassin. The



LEE AH FOOK.

men belonged to rival societies, and on Friday night the society to which the dead man belonged retaliated by killing one of the assassin's associates. This was followed on Sunday night by an attempt to murder, which was traced directly to the same feud. The score now stands one murder and one dangerous wound for the Ga Sin Sea Society, and one murder for the Bo Sin Sea.

The attitude of the prominent highbinders is so threatening that the Chinese merchants yesterday met at the consulate and resolved, it is said, to adopt the most stringent measures to prevent any more bloodshed. The police aided them last night by making a raid upon Chinatown in order to capture armed highbinders. They succeeded in breaking up a large number of gambling establishments, but the early hour in the evening when the raid was made prevented them from gathering in any of the cunning bravos who usually haunt the alleys of Chinatown. Even the police officers who have been years on the Chin-so detail know very little about the inside workings of the highbinder societies, but if anyone can claim to have any definite knowledge on the subject it is Detective Chris Cox, who has been fourteen years at this work of tracking down Chinese criminals. A few days ago your correspondent had a talk with him and visited, under his guidance, some of the chief haunts of the highbinders. What was seen and learned appears almost incredible to one who does not know the Mongolian faculty for defying the laws of the country in which they dwell; yet there is not a fact given in this article which cannot be vouched for, and the picture of these organized bands of assassins is toned down rather than over-colored.

The highbinder societies in San Francisco number about fifty. They are an outgrowth of the life of the Chinese on this coast, as none of them were organized in China. When the coolies first began to flock here in great numbers, allured by the offer of high wages to work on the Central Pacific railroad, the lawless element among them saw the opportunity for blackmail and general espionage, and began the organization of the societies that have proved the source of most of the Chinese crime committed on this coast. There were already in existence then what were known as the Chinese Six Companies. These were societies formed for the mutual protection of members, for aid to the sick and destitute, and, most important of all, for the transfer to China of the bones of those who died. The companies represented the two districts of China which contributed the greatest number of coolies to this country, and no Chinese ventured to come to this country without joining one of these companies. The companies did much good in early days in enforcing order and in punishing any crimes of its members, but of late years their power has been so much encroached upon by the highbinders that little remains.

Do not fail to buy next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538. A large double page engraving of the actual fight will be presented to each purchaser of this issue. Orders should be placed at once with your newsdealer.

Nearly twenty years ago the first highbinder society was founded. It was known as the Chee Kung Tong, and it was regularly incorporated through the aid of a white lawyer, who declared in his application that it was a society of Chinese Free Masons. This parent society is very wealthy. It owns a handsome brick building on Spofford alley, in the heart of Chinatown, and here are the headquarters of the officers, the large meeting room and the Joss, before which all new members are initiated and all oaths taken. One enters the door, which bears plainly in English and Chinese the name of the society, and ascending the flight of stairs reaches the main audience room where state councils are held. This is a handsome apartment fitted up in the celestial style with heavy old oak ranged around the wall; a large table stands in the centre directly under a costly lamp, while Chinese paintings and mottoes from Confucius and other moralists cover the walls,



LEE CHUCK.

for your highbinder is nothing if not moral. Near the head of the stairs is an enormous box-wood tablet, let into the wall, on which is engraved the names of the 1,200 charter members of the fraternity, with the sum of money that each contributed to found the institution.

At whatever hour of day or night one may enter this room he will find in the small rear office some one to inquire about his business and to answer any questions. It seems that Chee Kung Tong boasts of over 4,500 members in this city alone, while throughout the United States, South America and Cuba the roll amounts to 15,000. In all it has 300 branches scattered over this great territory, but each reports to the parent society. Every six months four "headmen" are chosen by election to conduct affairs, and under them are thirty-three "hatchet men" or active police, who are under oath to obey implicitly any order of the headmen. The Chee Kung Tong for many years was the most influential of the highbinder societies, but many of its most active members have started other associations, and now the palm of supremacy in local power is disputed by the Ga Sin Sea and the Bo Sin Sea, the two societies between which the present deadly feud rages.

Of those minor societies there are now about fifty in Chinatown. Beside those named the most prominent are the Suey Sing Tong, Suey Ong Tong, Hop Sing Tong, Ep Sing Tong and On Yick Tong. The feature of membership is that a man may belong to one of the original Six Companies, say the Sam Yip Company, and also to the Chu Kung Tong and the Goh Sin Sea. In fact, the Chu Kung Tong appears to have assumed the position of a Grand Lodge, and every highbinder in other societies that was talked with belonged to the parent fraternity. Whatever may have been the principles on which Chu Kung Tong was founded, it is now carried on mainly for purposes of blackmail, like all the other highbinder organizations. Many reputable merchants have been forced to join these societies to escape the exactions of highbinders, but the leading spirits in each are men who recognize no allegiance to any government, and who obey no laws but those of their own making. Over the heads of most of these societies floats no flag but that of their order, while not even the command of the Consul General—the virtual representative of the Emperor—would have power to stay any order that had gone forth.



A DESPERATE MURDER OVER A GAME.

The power of these societies, therefore, is very great, and no earthly authority can stay their vengeance. What this vengeance means may be seen from a typical case. We will say that a Chinese, through jealousy or other motive, kills another Chinaman, and that he and his relatives refuse to make good the loss to the dead man's kindred by a money payment. Then the society to which the murdered man belongs issues an order proclaiming the murderer and putting a price on his head. Every Chinese in the country is warned against harboring or aiding in any way the fugitive under pain of the vengeance of the society. The prescribed man cannot get any assistance in this country,

and he is unable to escape, as every avenue is closely watched. Payment of the fine imposed, suicide, or death at the hands of the hatchet-men are the only alternatives. A more perfect system of terrorizing the timid or the obstinate was never devised, and the police say that the Chinese who have escaped the death sentence by disguise and flight may be numbered on one's fingers.

In conversation with Lee Ah Fook, who is the head man of one of the strongest of the highbinder societies, he smilingly admitted that murder was one of the fine arts in which his society excelled. He explained the method of initiation and the penalties that followed the breaking of any of the rules of the order. The neophyte who is to be initiated is taken before the great Joss of the society, and kneels before the burning punk and incense in the sacred bowls that adorn the altar. An attendant, with face concealed by a hideous mask,



CHIT AH LUNG.

holds a naked sword to his neck, while a second presses the point of another weapon to the back of his neck. In this position he takes the oath which binds him to obey without question any order of the society's authorized leaders, even though that order be to murder his best friend. Corporeal punishment is frequently inflicted here also, and torture is applied to extract evidence from witnesses, precisely as it is in China to-day.

No organization of this class could be kept from the domination of the worst men. Such has been the fate of all these highbinder societies. The reputable members form the paying basis; they furnish their quota for the expenses because of the freedom from blackmail which membership grants, but they take no part in the criminal work of the fraternity. Among the hatchet-men will be found the desperate criminals who have fled from Canton or Hong Kong to escape imprisonment or decapitation, and who live here by organized robbery and tribute. Some of these societies thrive upon the tax levied upon the brothel-keepers in Chinatown.

If the tax is refused they organize a raid and kidnap some of the most valuable women in these dens, whereupon payment is speedily made and the old order once more rules. How potent is the system may be judged from the fact that several Chinese interpreters in the Federal and Criminal Courts in this city have resigned lucrative positions because they declared that if they remained death would be the result. Their only offense had been the honest translation of evidence which served to convict some highbinders. In one case an interpreter waited until he had been shot at twice before he concluded to give up his office. The judge offered him a police body guard, but he sadly confessed that no protection would save him from the bullets of his enemies.

The favorite weapons of the highbinder are the pistol and the knife. Nearly every Chinese servant who goes down to Chinatown at night, after his day's work is over, to gamble at tan or dominoes is "heeled" with a pistol, while most of the highbinders are veritable walking arsenals. They select revolvers of heavy calibre, and many of them are no mean shots, although, as a rule, many shots are fired in their meles in proportion to the execution done. The two-edged knife, worn in a sheath, is the weapon best adapted for a close encounter, and many of these murderous weapons are innocently concealed in a sheath which

which will turn an ordinary bullet or knife blow. One highbinder had a coat made of fine steel bands set in leather, but when he came to don his armor he found it so heavy that he could not run. Hence he was forced to discard what cost him several hundred dollars, and the armor was afterward captured in a police raid. The property clerk's room at police headquarters in this city is full of specimens of curious Chinese weapons as well as opium layouts and other apparatus of vice.

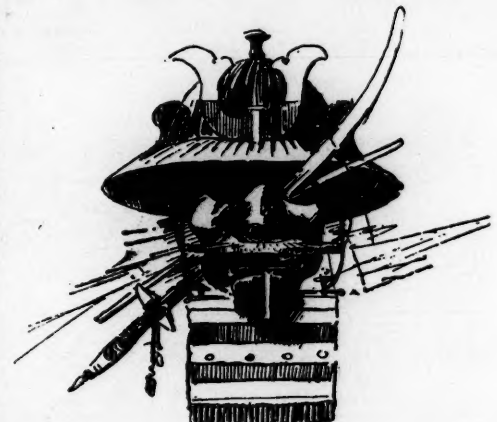
Perhaps the keenest highbinder in Chinatown (before his transfer to Folsom Prison) was "Little Pete," a well-known hanger-on about the police courts. He escaped conviction on a number of charges of murder and assault, but he was finally convicted of jury-bribing in the Federal courts and was sentenced to several years in Folsom Prison. Soon after he was placed in prison he created a great sensation by declaring that he paid the local Democratic boss, Blind Buckley, \$5,000 to get him clear and that he wanted his money back. He gave the names of prominent officials who also were open to bribes, but he has weakened on some of his charges and it is dubious if any conviction can be secured on such testimony as he will offer.

Next to him in notoriety is Lee Chuck, who, with a fellow-highbinder, shot down a prominent merchant named Yuen Yang, because the latter prosecuted some of Lee Chuck's associates for robbery of his house. There was no question of the guilt of Lee Chuck, but he had plenty of money and he staved off the case for a year, when he was convicted. Within a fortnight he had secured a new trial on purely technical grounds from the Supreme Court, and to this action is ascribed the outbreak of murders in Chinatown, the highbinders having been much impressed by Lee Chuck's conviction and prospects of hanging.

Lee Ah Fook is a one-eyed highbinder, who is credited with more power over the owners of women in Chinatown than any other man. He was arrested seven years ago for being accessory to a murder, but he trumped up witnesses and escaped. He came into prominence about two years ago by causing the arrest of a number of Chinese women on the ground that they had been illegally landed. It leaked out afterwards that he had simply made use of the Federal courts to extort \$40 of tribute money for his society, which the importers of the women had failed to pay.

A CLERGYMAN ON TRIAL.

This comes from Cleveland, Nov. 30: The trial of the Rev. Mr. Hildreth, D.D., by a committee of Methodist clergymen for alleged immorality, was continued to-day in the Taylor Street Meth. Epis. Church. The proceedings were secret. Two witnesses were examined, and both gave testimony against Dr. Hildreth. The Rev. George Hickey of Jackson, Mich., who was summoned to the trial by Dr. Pope, the prosecuting witness, detailed scraps of conversation heard on a train between



CAPTURED SPOILS.

Dr. Hildreth and a colored girl named Lizzie, with whom Dr. Hildreth is alleged by Pope to have committed indiscretions. The second witness was Dr. F. M. Reasoner of Jackson, Mich., a friend of Dr. Hildreth. He was reluctant to testify, but he admitted that he had treated Dr. Hildreth for a sexual disease both in Jackson and Grand Rapids.

In the city of New Orleans, La., on Tuesday (always Tuesday), November 8th, 1887, the 20th Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery took place. As is the constant custom it was under the sole supervision of Generals G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va. There was sent all over the world a golden shower in sums varying from \$150,000 down wards. The First Prize of \$150,000 was drawn by No. 71,411, and was sold in fractional parts of tenths at \$1 each, sent to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. One tenth was paid to Michael Slutski and Solomon Pinkoski of Boston, Mass.; one to Edgar Burnett, Agent Adams Express Co. at Jackson, Mich.; one to Mrs. H. Benard, Sioux Falls, through; Sioux Falls National Bank; one to William Poas, of Anaconda, Mont.; through the Omaha National Bank of Omaha, Neb.; one to Messrs. Gay and Groff, Orleans, Neb.; one to M. Kohn, Missoula, Mont., through Missoula National Bank; one to Joe Morrison, Newport, Ark., through E. L. Watson, of Newport, Ark.; one to W. H. Landon, of Newport News, Va., paid through Burrus, Sons & Co., bankers at Norfolk, Va.; one to Margaret Clark No. 12 St. Andrew street, New Orleans, La. No. 68,388 drew the second capital prize of \$50,000. It was also sold in fractional tenths at \$1 each—one to Wm. Leslie amount paid to Wells, Fargo & Co., both of San Francisco, Cal.; one to F. Wohlthuter, of Oldham, Dak. through First National Bank of Madison, Dak.; one to D. C. Macon, Elwood, Ind., through Citizens' Bank of Noblesville, Ind.; one paid to Thos. R. Miller, No. 1,113 Lawrence street, Denver, Col.; one to Chas. H. Walker, Edinburg, Ill., through Geo. P. Harrington, Esq., a banker there; one to Wm. H. Arison, Monongahela City, Pa., through People's Bank of Monongahela. No. 70,113 drew the third capital prize of \$20,000. It was also sold in fractional tenths at \$1 each; two were paid through First National Bank of Nashville, Tenn.; one was paid to J. G. Hedrick and another H. Adams, both of Las Vegas, N. M.; one to L. S. Anderson, paid through Omaha Bank of Omaha, Nebraska; one to Felix Ernich of Kansas City, Mo., through Citizens' National Bank of Kansas City, No. 38,808 drew one of the fourth two capital prizes of \$10,000 each. One was paid E. A. Kaerross of Philadelphia, Pa., through Bernard Gilpin, attorney-at-law, No. 717 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. No. 15,281 drew the other \$10,000 fourth capital, sold to parties in Memphis, Tenn., Kansas City, Mo., and Colorado, Tex., etc.—New Orleans (La.) Picayune, Dec. 11.

With next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538, will be presented a splendid double-page supplement, illustrating the actual battle, from sketches. Orders for this issue should be at once given to your newsman.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson.

Mrs. Robinson of Somerville, Mass., is now on trial at Boston for the poisoning of her son. There are no less than seven counts in the indictment against this murderous woman, charging her with poisoning William J. Robinson, August 9, 1886, and other affairs of the same character.

FANNIE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Nowhere we publish a portrait of Mr. C. Renchy's famous 22-pound fighting canine Fannie, of Kingman, Kan. She can be matched to fight any 22 pound dog in America for \$500 or \$1,000, according to "Police Gazette" rules.

BILL BLAKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Bill Blake, better known throughout the United States as Dublin Tricks. Recently in the POLICE GAZETTE we published a sketch of this once great star in the pugilistic hemisphere.

"DUNK" HUSSEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This rising star of Long Island City, otherwise called the "Spider," although young, has a career in the ring equalled by none in pugilistic honors of the State. But twenty-one years of age, his first battle was two years ago when he met the champion of Long Island City, Gus Hettner, and after 24 hard-fought rounds succeeded in wresting the championship from that gallant pugilist. From this time on, almost every week, the champion was called upon to defend his title, and to-day stands the undefeated boy of Long Island City. He is now prepared, being backed by men with capital, to meet all at 130 pounds or under, who may apply to Thos. F. Hogan, 11 Borden avenue, Hunters Point, Long Island City, N. Y.

HE HAD FALSE WHISKERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jacob Blankenmyer, a saloon-keeper at No. 508 Girard avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., was arrested on complaint of agents of the Law and Order Society, the other morning, and taken to the office of Magistrate Lennon. The warrant was issued charging him with transacting business on Sunday.

When the case was called for a hearing Horace Gross, a witness, took the Bible in his hand and was about to "kiss the book," when Counselor John Fow, who represented Blankenmyer, noticed that Gross' goatee was greatly discolored to work naturally with his jaw when he spoke. Mr. Fow examined it closely, and, after a moment's hesitation, grasped the beard in his hand and tore it partially from the witness' jaw. It was found to be false and after a long argument Gross agreed to remove it. The decision was postponed for a week.

The defense assumed that the beer drank in the place on Sunday, the 4th inst., was purchased by a club which meets every Sunday, on the night previous, and that there was no liquor sold on Sunday.

THEY BLEW HIM UP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Somerset, Ky., Dec. 19, says: A well-to-do physician named H. L. Barber brings to light a very interesting chapter of his past career by issuing warrants for the arrest of William Finley, of Ohio, and Thomas Finnel, of Georgetown, Ky., for blowing his residence and office to atoms in April, 1886. Finnel was at that time a telegraph operator, and Finley a merchant and farmer at Science Hill. The doctor had a pretty wife, and for a time did well, but a few months previous to the time his house was blown up he left his wife and was living in open adultery with another woman.

He soon lost most of his practice, and public indignation was so strong against him that the proposed organization of a Kukluxing party to attend to him was freely discussed. About the 15th of April, 1886, Dr. Barber went to Lexington, and while absent the work was done. Finley kept some dynamite in his store, and that night a number of persons in the immediate vicinity of Science Hill met, placed it under the building, and in a few moments the structure was shattered. When the doctor returned he made a searching investigation, but could find no clue as to who the perpetrators were.

With next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538, will be presented a splendid double-page supplement, illustrating the actual battle, from sketches. Orders for this issue should be at once given to your newsman.

Yesterday two men named Phillippi and Hargiss told Barber they were present when the house was blown up, and that Finnel and Finley were the men that did it. He came to town to-day and swore out a warrant for their arrest and started the sheriff after them. There is a great deal of excitement over the affair and the result of the trial is anxiously awaited.

PRETTY HAZERS.

Queer Midnight Pranks in a Madison Avenue Seminary.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A bevy of pretty, stylishly dressed boarding school misses took up a great deal of the time of Judge Patterson in the Supreme Court, New York, the other day. The Court beamed all over and didn't appear to grudge the sacrifice. The young ladies all belonged to a fashionable seminary in Madison avenue. Deep color dyed their cheeks and some of them were decidedly nervous. Others were silent, owing to the strangeness of their surroundings.

Everybody wondered what could have brought them into court. At last one pert little miss informed a reporter that they had been accused of hazing. "Horrible, wasn't it? Actually of hazing!" she said. These sweet, demure young creatures were charged with imitating their big brothers and "making it warm" for a schoolmate after the most approved fashion.

If the story told in court is true they did make it warm, and, like many another poor freshman, the victim, after it was all over, skipped for home, vowing never to return to "the hateful place."

Mina Stern, the victim of these pranks, is a pretty, vivacious and dark-eyed beauty, whose home is Rochester. Mina is "sweet sixteen." At home she is said to be self-willed and liable to become at times too frisky, so her father, Nathan Stern, sent her to Mrs. Johanna Moses' boarding school, in Madison avenue. The refusal of Mr. Stern to pay his daughter's school bill brought the case into court. Mrs. Moses claimed \$600 for her services as teacher and for violation of contract.

In the fall of 1886 Mr. Stern signed a contract by which he agreed to pay the plaintiff \$700 for his daughter's schooling for one year. Miss Mina came to the school two weeks after the term began, but she remained only two days, and thereby hangs the tale.

Mina says that on the night of her arrival she was domiciled with two other girls in one room. Two beds were in the room and when the hour for retiring arrived they all began to doze. Mina was assigned to a bed by herself. At the regular hour the light was extinguished and Mina lay down to dream of home. She was just dozing off when the air was filled with what she described as "frightful and blood-curdling sounds." All the stories of goblins and ghosts that had ever been told her in childhood flashed through her mind. Still, she says, she lay perfectly still until "a cold sweat began to break out" all over her. Turning over in bed, she saw standing by her bedside a figure clothed in white. The face of the figure was horribly distorted. Slowly the dreadful object began to circle about, drawing closer and closer to the terrified girl. Then it made a gurgling sound in its throat.

"This," said Miss Mina, "was too much. I was frightened nearly to death and jumped out of bed and screamed. But this did no good. The ghost still pursued me. Suddenly it stopped and began waving its arms and making horrible supernatural sounds."

This pantomime continued for some minutes, "until," says Miss Mina, "I was too scared for anything." Suddenly a new and uncanny sound smote upon the air. Weird and awful it was, and it seemed as if more ghosts and goblins had entered the room. The victim didn't know what it was; but now that she has gotten over her fright, she thinks the noises she heard were giggles. Upon the entrance of the other veiled figures the ghosts swooped down upon Mina and pinched her.

"All the blood in my body started on a race from my head to my toes," she said. "Then all was silent except the weird noises."

The next night the strange visitation was repeated. The ghost, looking as ghostlike as several big white sheets could make it, again approached the girl. Everything at first was dark and still in the room. Then a cautionary "S-h-h-h" was heard, and white objects began to execute a series of Nautch dances, wild and erratic. Suddenly a sound was heard outside the door, there was a rush and a whirl and all was silent again. The ghosts had disappeared.

But soon an indefinable something told the terrified Mina that they were returning. A white figure entered and proceeded to execute a fanciful can-can around the apartment. Again the awful gurgling sound was heard, and Mina was once more bathed in perspiration. She said she was too scared to cry out, and sat bolt upright, gazing terror-stricken at the awful visitation. Again the figure swooped down on her, and a long white hand reached out and pinched her. Then she screamed loud and long. There was a flash of light, and before the ghosts could hide Miss Mina says she recognized Annie Friedlander. She was wrapped up in a sheet and barefooted.

Next morning Miss Mina, who passed a sleepless night, packed her trunks, and, with nerves all unstrung, took French leave for home. She told her father that it was useless to scold her, as she had come home to stay. Nothing could ever make her return to that haunted school. She said Miss Friedlander had St. Vitus's dance, and that was enough.

Miss Friedlander, who must have been a very pretty ghost, seemed to enjoy this very much, as she sat in court listening to the complaint. When on the stand Mrs. Moses denied that Miss Friedlander had St. Vitus's dance or had acted as Miss Stern asserted. She said that Annie's mother, who was a very dear friend of hers, was ill, and she had taken the daughter to her school. Annie, the witness said, was a very sympathetic and nervous girl, she couldn't believe she acted as has been stated.

The jury returned a verdict of \$300 in Mrs. Moses's favor.

DIED IN THE SKY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Indianapolis, Dec. 19, says: On Saturday afternoon the citizens of Owensboro, Ky., observed an immense balloon sailing over that city at a great height. It was within view for a long while, but when last seen it appeared to be rapidly descending. Parties went in search of it yesterday, and during the afternoon it was found in a swamp, about ten miles south of Haverville. The searching party also discovered the emaciated remains of a man who had evidently been emptied from the basket several yards from where the air-ship had fallen.

It is the theory of those who found the balloon and body that the aeronaut was already dead before the balloon reached the earth, as no serious bruises were found upon his body. No papers or other evidences

have been found to indicate who the unfortunate man was. The only balloon which has ascended and disappeared in this section was one from Vincennes, Ind., about two months ago, but that one was some time afterwards reported found. It is supposed that the aeronaut found yesterday lost control of the air-ship and came to his death at a high altitude from cold and starvation.

A BATTLE WITH OUTLAWS.

Newt Vorce, a Notorious Desperado of Coronada, Eastern Colorado, is Run to Cover.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Denver, Col., December 12, says: Newt Vorce, the desperado who has been terrorizing the plains country of Eastern Colorado, between Deer Trail and Coronada, has been run to cover. At last accounts he was lying in a dug-out, badly wounded and surrounded by officers, but it cost the life of one deputy sheriff to do this. Guy B. Hollingsworth is the name of the unfortunate officer. He was from Denver, and is a brother of Deputy Sheriff Hollingsworth, who was in command of the sheriff's posse at the time. The posse had been in pursuit of the desperado for several days; in fact, ever since Vorce shot Deputy Sheriff Cantley, last Thursday. Deputy Hollingsworth was shot on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The posse had chased Vorce several miles across a level prairie, and he had finally taken refuge at the L. H. C. ranch, where he had formerly worked as a cowboy. Deputy Sheriff Hollingsworth was in hot pursuit, and as Vorce jumped off his horse Hollingsworth shot at him and killed his horse. The desperado then took refuge in one of the many dug-outs on the ranch and showed fight.

When Officer Hollingsworth approached with his rifle in hand, Vorce was the first to fire, but he missed his mark. Hollingsworth then returned the fire, and Vorce, who was standing in the doorway of the dug-out fell on the inside, apparently wounded. Three other men were in the dug-out at the time. One is reported to be a horse-thief and the two others cowboy friends of the hunted man.

Open hostilities then ceased for over two hours. Meanwhile the others of the posse had come up and preparations for a siege were commenced. Finally Gay B. Hollingsworth volunteered to go out and make a reconnoiter of the field, and was told to be careful and keep out of range of bullets from the dug-out. He was about 350 yards in the rear of the dug-out, when two shots were fired, and the bold reconnoiterer fell.

Hollingsworth's body lay where it fell until nearly sundown, the posse being kept away from it through fear of also being shot down. Finally the ranchwoman volunteered to go for the body. They drove up in a wagon, and placing the body in it brought it back to the ranch house. The sheriff's posse was not a large one and the cowboys at the ranch would not assist them. The posse kept up a fire on the dug-out all night, and it was returned at intervals by the besieged party. Toward morning one of the cowboys with Vorce attempted to escape across the country, but he was captured and brought back. He reported that Vorce's hip had been broken by Deputy Sheriff Hollingsworth's shot, but that he was doing most of the shooting through a crack in the wall.

The cowboy was put under arrest. Shortly after day-break this morning another posse of officers from the county seat arrived on the scene and relieved Hollingsworth's party, who left with the dead body of young Hollingsworth and brought it to Denver, arriving this evening. The L. H. C. ranch is twenty-five miles from Coronada, the nearest telegraph station, and nothing has been heard from the dug-out since Hollingsworth left. Hollingsworth says that the desperado has many friends and sympathizers in the country, and he is fearful that they may come to Vorce's rescue. Large rewards have been offered for Vorce's body dead or alive. A half-dozen deputy sheriffs left Denver this evening for the scene.

SHOT FOR PROTECTING HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Dorchester, Mass., is Fatally Wounded by a Cowardly Ruffian.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, says: A mother's attempt to save her daughter's honor in a house of doubtful reputation in Dorchester, early this morning, led to a shooting affray that will end in the mother's death. The daughter is but 12 years old. The house in which the shooting took place has a doubtful reputation and has been visited by the police more than once. This fact was unknown to the woman, Mary Williams, and her daughter when they were employed to do general housework a week ago; but it did not take Mrs. Williams long to discover the free-and-easy character of the place. Unfortunately for her, she was led to join the revels, but she kept her daughter in ignorance of what was going on.

Yesterday forenoon a man named Thomas F. Hoar visited the house and two women joined him. Their revels were continued far into the night. Hoar had seen the pretty daughter, and the mother, seeing that he was bent on her daughter's ruin, refrained from indulging as freely in liquor as the others.

A little before four o'clock this morning she left her companions and went upstairs to bed. When she reached her room she found that the key of the door was missing. Returning to the room she had left, she asked for the key, but was told that she would have to get along without one. A mocking laugh from Hoar and his companions showed that they had conspired to carry out their wicked plans that night. Mrs. Williams returned to her room and prepared to thwart them. She barricaded her door with chairs and a bureau, and thought she had secured herself from intrusion, but in a little while Hoar ascended the stairs and demanded admittance to the room. This was denied him. He became wild with rage, and, with an oath, threw himself against the door. Mrs. Williams and her daughter screamed for help but there was no one to hear them but the villain's female companions down stairs.

Under Hoar's repeated blows, the door and barricade gave way, and he entered the room. Mrs. Williams rushed toward him and begged him to spare her daughter. The man pushed her aside. The frantic mother then threw herself upon him and tried to drag him down. Hoar flung her from him, and, drawing a revolver, fired four shots at her. Two of the bullets lodged in her abdomen, and she fell unconscious to the floor. Realizing what he had done, Hoar turned and fled. He hurried down stairs, put on his clothing, and was just going from the house when a policeman, who had heard the firing, came up. Hoar tried to get by him, but was caught and dragged back into the house. The wounded woman was lying on the floor, and the appearance of the room indicated that a hard struggle had preceded the shooting. The woman was carried to the hospital to die, so the doctors said. Hoar was locked up to await the result of her injuries.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Clarence W. Ryder.

C. W. Ryder was born in Chatham, Mass., June 30, 1867. He entered the newspaper business as an attaché of the Boston Herald and served eight years on its editorial staff. At last he went West, arriving in Minneapolis June 6, 1885, and at once was given a position on the local staff of the Minneapolis Tribune, where his qualifications for the sporting department were soon recognized, and he was given that work to do. His enthusiasm in the encouragement of all kinds of manly sports was the means of making Minneapolis a Northwestern sporting center and the Tribune an authority on sporting matters. He has officiated as referee in many important sporting events, among them being the six-day bicycle race for the long-distance American championship. Mr. Ryder is equally well-known among the patrons of the ring, turf, boat and diamond, and many of the leading professionals of the day recognize him as the man who brought them into public notice by his facile pen. Particularly among these are Cardiff, Moth, Schock, the six-day cyclist, and a score of others equally prominent. Extra inducements have led him to resign his position on the Tribune and accept the sporting editorship of the St. Paul Daily News, a bright and new evening paper, which bids fair to rival all competitors in the afternoon field of journalism in the Northwest.

Crib.

On another page we publish a portrait of Crib. He has fought several battles, in which he was victorious and is owned by Andrew E. Lacey. His last fight was with Martin Zwoster's dog Trouble, champion 30-pound bull terrier of the Northwest, killing him in 1 hour 37 minutes, at Milwaukee, Wis.

Dr. Munford.

The assault of Ed. Corrigan upon Dr. Morrison Munford, of the Kansas City Times, is the talk of Kansas City. As far as it went, Corrigan, who is a powerful big fellow, had the best of it. Had the doctor got his gun out in time, the probability is that the big slugger would by this time be incased in a wooden overcoat.

Rev. Justin D. Fulton.

The terrible kick made by the young lady composers of the publishing house of Rand, Avery & Co., over the Rev. Justin D. Fulton's book, "Why Priests Should Wed," has created a furore in Boston, Mass. It is alleged that the book is full of indecent passages too foul for the female composers who were engaged upon the book to have before them. It's indeed a nasty mess for a Christian clergyman to get in.

BLINDED BY A CRANKY CONVICT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

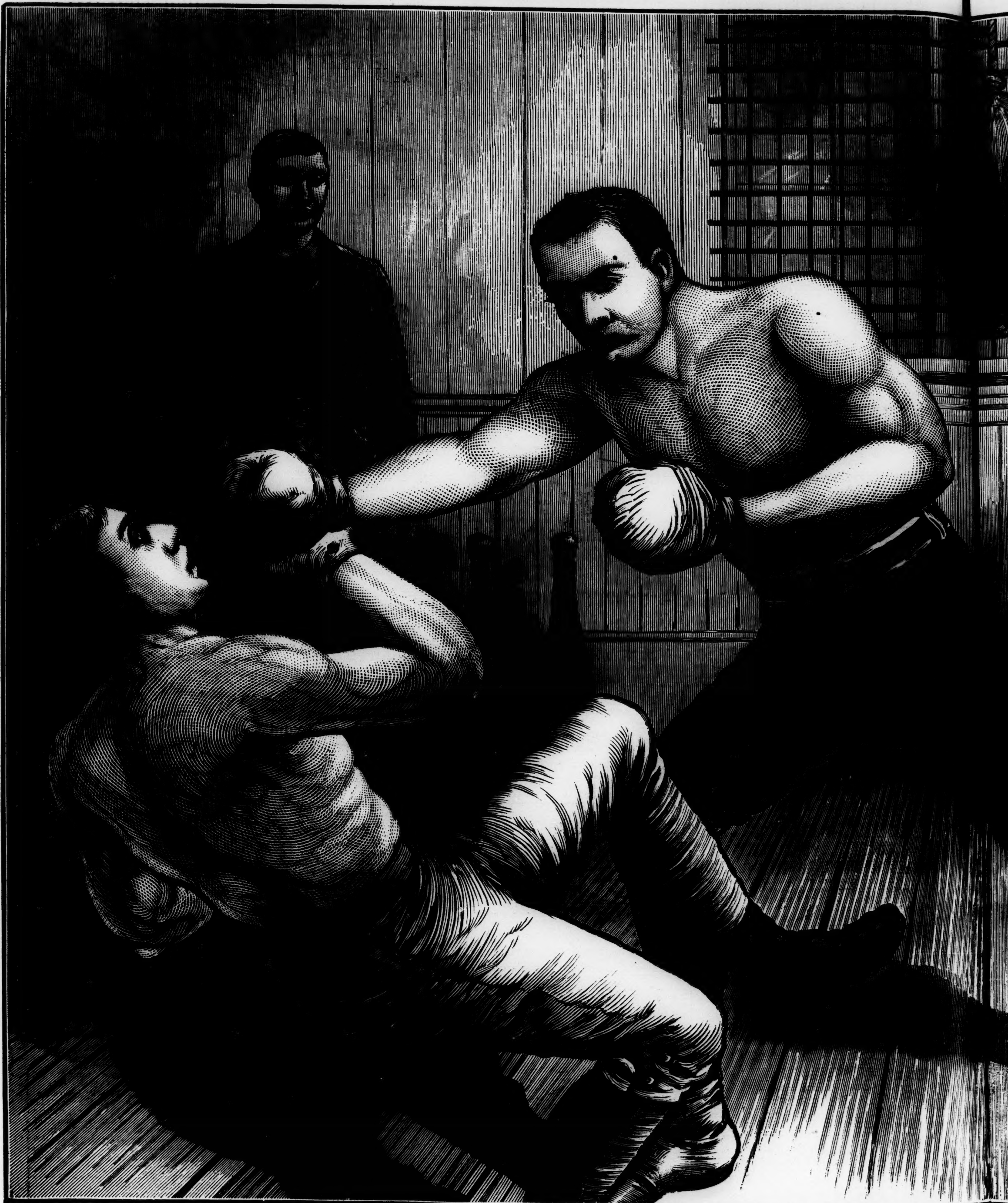
A special from Chester, Ill., Dec. 12, says: Last Saturday evening, as Keeper Jacob Smidt, of the prison, was locking a cranky convict named Lawson into his cell the prisoner thrust a broomstick, which he used as a cane, into Keeper Smidt's eye, destroying the sight. The convict was placed in solitary confinement. Since then an examination of the officer's injuries shows a strong probability of his losing the use of both eyes, the uninjured eye being affected sympathetically. Mr. Smidt is an old and faithful employé of the prison and his misfortune has created much regret among his fellow-officers.

A COWBOY'S PISTOL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Hammond, Indiana, says: The prize fight between William Somers of Chicago, and an unknown from Michigan City, at Bensville, last night, was indefinitely postponed by the action of Claude Kimball, a cowboy, just from the West, who with a 44-calibre revolver in each hand ran amuck through the crowd of a hundred sports present. Kimball fired indiscriminately into the assemblage and for a few moments the saloon where the first fight was to have taken place seemed a pandemonium. Peter Reich, the saloon keeper, pulled a revolver on Kimball. There was an exchange of shots, and Reich fell, mortally wounded. Kimball took to the woods. He had been drunk and obstreperous early in the evening and was put out of the saloon. In revenge he fired a volley into the windows, but no one was hurt, and the saloon keeper treated it as a joke. The cowboy was quieted down and put to bed. It was when everything was in readiness for the prize fight that he jumped wildly into the room and began shooting right and left.

Do not fail to buy next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538. A large double-page engraving of the actual fight will be presented to each purchaser of this issue. Orders should be placed at once with your newsdealer.



JAKE KILRAIN PROVIDES A LITTLE INNOCENT AMUSEMENT
HE PUTS ON THE GLOVES WITH CHARLIE MITCHELL, HIS SECOND AND TRAINER, AND



T AMUSEMENT FOR SOME OF HIS LADY CALLERS.

R, AND TO THE GREAT DELIGHT OF THE SPECTATORS GIVES HIM A GOOD RATTLING.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

Jack Dempsey and Johnny Reagan met in the ring for their long pending battle, over on Long Island, on the morning of the 13th. Dempsey won, and, as usual, without a black eye.

Reagan was never in the race. He made a gallant fight, though, and is not disgraced in his defeat. He was outclassed in the match—that is all.

The greatest secrecy was observed in bringing off the battle, and so cleverly was everything arranged that but twenty in all left the city. They were carried by boat to the fighting ground. Referee Frank Stevenson engineered the party, and he was highly complimented on his way of doing business.

It is the first real championship battle between middle-weights that has taken place in many years. There have been many battles fought, but none of them under the orthodox rules, that must govern championship fights, viz.: the London rule.

"Police Gazette" or Queensberry rules are preferred, for then a battle can be brought off in any convenient room, and privacy can be secured, while under the London rule the fight must be pitched on the turf, and if the mob can once get on to the tip they cannot be prevented from being present at the fight; and with a mob at the ring side there is always danger of the fight being broken up in a row. If nothing worse happens, where the losing man has the most friends present.

The preparations for the battle drew the attention of the residents of the vicinity, and they came down to see what was going on, until by the time the ring was erected, two scores of persons were clustering outside the ropes. The fight will be notable in that it was carried on in two rings. The first was pitched near the water's edge, and before the men had been fighting many minutes, the tide had encroached on the strip of beach and was washing into the ring.

Dempsey had the corner nearest the water, and as the tide rose up, he shifted his seat forward until both men were seated, when the rounds ended, within a few feet of each other instead of at the prescribed distance, 24 feet.

In the first round Reagan spiked Dempsey in the leg, and again in the second round; the last two a gash in Dempsey's leg 5 inches long, laying the flesh open to the bone. 'Twas a frightful wound, but 'twas an accident, and though a clasp of foil was raised by Dempsey's seconds it was not allowed. Dempsey never wincing but fought on until the water was ankle deep, and the referee ordered them, at the conclusion of the eighth round to shake hands and to go to the boat until a new place was found for the ring.

The ring was pitched for the second time on a piece of turf as level as a billiard table. Dempsey's leg was very stiff and painful when they entered the ring for the ninth round. He soon warmed to his work and apparently forgot his injury for the rest of the battle.

Thirty-seven more rounds were fought, at the end of which Reagan's backers threw up the sponge, acknowledging their man beaten. The time of fighting was 1 hour and 5 minutes. Both men returned on the boat, Dempsey to Williamsburgh and Reagan to this city.

Dempsey has no marks about him, and no one would suppose by looking at him that he had passed through a battle of forty-five rounds. He was out bright and early next morning, and with his backer, Jake Stearns; Denny Costigan, his second in the fight; Tom Glass of the Brooklyn Eagle, and a number of friends he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to claim the \$2,000 stakes in the fight. A crowd was awaiting them, among whom were Billy Dacey, Dave Seelig of Chicago, Charley Perkins of Rochester and Referee Frank Stevenson. Reagan didn't come, but his backer, Billy Reed, dropped in to shake hands with the victor.

On the issue, besides the \$2,000 stakes, depended to whom should be given the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the middle-weight championship of America.

This belt Dempsey has held since March, 1885. He defeated the two best middle-weights in the country for it—Jack Fogarty of Philadelphia, in 27 rounds, with skin gloves, and George LaBlanche, the Marine, of Boston, in 13 rounds, with cut gloves. His victory over Reagan makes the belt his personal property. The first two battles were hard ones, but not near as hard as this last. They were fought under Queensberry rules. In them Jack had not the advantage that his wrestling abilities gave him in this London rule fight with Reagan.

The desperate falls Dempsey gave Reagan were what used the latter up, and even at that he fought for an hour and five minutes. Billy Reed and Dempsey shook hands, and Dempsey asked Reagan was. "He is all right," said Reed. "There is nothing the matter with him much that shows. His lips are cut up, but that's about all you can see. The heavy falls he got did the business."

Mr. Fox handed Dempsey his check for \$2,000, and in return got a receipt signed by Stearns and Dempsey. Dempsey as a general rule does not talk much, but he told the reporters that he felt confident all along that he would "quit winner" in this fight. He said that Reagan was a good, game man, with "plenty of sand, and a rattling scrapper."

"The first time the spikes hit me," he said, "it felt as if the bone was prodded, but the next time it seemed as if the chords were torn and it made me feel as if I had received a strong electric shock. The pain was so intense that I fought like thunder to forget it. I am going to lay up for a while now and take things easy."

Frank Stevenson, referee of the fight, said: "It was one of the best and fairest fights I ever saw. I think that Reagan might have done better under Marquis of Queensberry rules than under the rules of the London prize ring. Dempsey is too good a wrestler, and he was right at home. He is a wonderful man. Why, just before the fight began he wanted to 'peel off' and take a swim in the icy waters of the Sound. When he was prevented from doing this, he got a dozen buckets of the water and doused himself thoroughly with it. It gave me a chill to look at him, and I went into the engine room of the tug and stood along side of the boiler to drive the feeling away. Reagan is a good man, too. This is my last appearance as referee. I may go to see a fight, but will never take any part in one again. I accepted the place of referee in this fight because the men would not agree on any one else, but I'm done now and for good."

Reagan was seen later in the day. He said that his body was all right, and that he had frequently been punished worse in fights in which he had come off the victor. He was not inclined to talk about the late affair, but admitted that he was beaten squarely.

In reply to further questioning he said: "I labored under a serious disadvantage in fighting under the London prize ring rules. It was the first time I ever fought under them and was not accustomed to them. I think I would have stood a better chance under the Queensberry rules. It was more of a wrestling match than a prize fight, and as Dempsey was the better wrestler he won. I think also that I had a better chance on the soft turf and suffered most by moving on to the second ring."

In speaking of the peculiar spiked shoes which he wore, Reagan said: "I did not know that there was anything wrong about them. I gave the order to a shoemaker who said

he knew all about making them. The cut in Dempsey's leg was purely an accident, as I stated at the time, and not an attempt to take an unfair advantage."

Dempsey and Reagan will have a joint benefit shortly, when the belt will be presented to Dempsey by Frank Hall of Philadelphia, the six-day race manager, on behalf of Richard K. Fox.

Jack Killett is the champion middle-weight boxer of Nebraska. He won the title fairly and squarely on Dec. 5, at the Omaha Grand Opera House, in presence of 1,200 spectators, and was formally presented with the medal emblematic of the honor donated by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the New York POLICE GAZETTE. He now proudly wears the trophy, and is confident that there is no boxer of his class in that State who can wrest it from him. Before it becomes his personal property he must successfully defend it against two more comers. One of these has already materialized.

Jim Lindsay, of Omaha, has formally challenged Killett to meet him in a 4-round contest within three weeks from last Wednesday, and the challenge has been cheerfully accepted. Lindsay was defeated by one of the men whom Killett bested last Monday night, but he believes—and a great many knowing ones share his belief—that a couple of weeks' strict training will enable him to lower the colors of the newly-made champion. Killett overweighs Lindsay by 10 pounds. The little fellow, however, is exceptionally well equipped with science and pluck, and hopes to overcome the handicap. The battle will be an interesting one.

Killett is something of a pugilistic phenomenon. He weighs 152 pounds when fit—and he is never otherwise—stands five feet eight inches, and in appearance is every inch a fighter. His shoulder and neck development bears a striking resemblance to that of the late John C. Heenan and the present John P. Clow, and he exhibits all the physiological indications of a born bruiser.

The boy has not yet attained full growth. He was born May 2, 1866, in County Cavan, Ireland, and when three years old accompanied his parents to Newark, New Jersey, where he grew up and learned the trade of blacksmith.

In the spring of 1884 he attracted the attention of Arthur Rothery, who was then conducting a boxing academy at Newark, and exhibited so much natural ability as to resolve the clever professor to adopt him as a protegee. The young pupil made rapid strides. He captured the first prize of the school.

He made his first appearance in public as a boxer last winter when he met and defeated Jim Sifter, a clever New York middle-weight, in three Queensberry rounds. This contest took place at Whalen's Variety Theatre, Newark, where he subsequently met and bested Bud Maginnis, Jimmy Carroll, Young Mealdon, Paddy Duddy and Harry Kennedy. At Charley Norton's place in Newark he fought a six round draw with Bob Arthur, one of the cleverest boxers in that section.

Last spring young Killett came to Omaha, and was employed by Ed. Rothery until he entered training for the contest from which he emerged a victor. He is young, ambitious and possessed of all the physical essentials requisite to success as a pugilist. He drinks nothing more stimulating than water, is nauseated by tobacco, spends his nights in bed and his days in the pursuit of health giving exercise, and is addicted to none of the habits that hasten premature age. In a word, Jack Killett is a model youth and promises to be a remarkable man.

The entertainment at the Grand Opera House, Dec. 5, proved conclusively that clean athletics are not dead to public patronage in Omaha. Twelve hundred people responded to the general invitation to witness an orderly and fairly conducted athletic entertainment, and it is safe to say that not one of them has since regretted his acceptance.

Decency in all details was promised, and decency in all details was given. The boxing was not slugging, the wrestling was not time-killing hippodroming, the bicycling was snappy enough to be interesting, and the feats of strength were astonishing. Even the stellar event of the evening—the tourney for the little middle-weight championship—was a thing of excitement and devoid of brutality! Was such a thing ever heard of in Omaha prior to this event?

Prof. Patsy Fallon was an able M. C. W. H. Beck, of Council Bluffs, and Ed Miller, of Omaha, were competent and impartial judges, and Ed Rothery was indefatigable and efficient as manager and performer. Among the boxers who appeared were Tommy Miller, Tom Rooney, Jack Larkins, Larry Dwyer and Dan Murray. All acquitted themselves creditably.

At the conclusion of the entertainment Jimmy Lindsay stepped to the footlights and announced his readiness to meet Killett in a 4-round contest for the medal.

The editor of the Omaha "Chronicle" has notified Killett of Lindsay's challenge, and instructed him to be prepared to defend the trophy before January 1, 1888. Lindsay has already begun active training for the event, under the mentorship of Tommy Rooney. Killett's condition will be kept prime by Arthur Rothery.

Mr. Hore, the author of the interesting "History of Newmarket," has compiled some striking statistics which show how large an amount of money has been expended upon the recently abolished Royal Plates since their first creation by King William III., who gave two of the value of about 100 guineas each to be run for at Newmarket.

Queen Anne, who took a great interest in the turf, increased these gifts, and in her reign nearly 24,000 was spent in the endowment of gold cups and plates. This amount was nearly trebled in the reign of George I., while in George II.'s reign it reached upward of £51,000. The Royal Plates offered for competition in this reign were continued during that of George III., and in the sixty years from 1760 to 1820 a sum of £127,000 was devoted to this form of encouraging the breed of horses.

In the reigns of George IV. and William IV. the King's Plates received about £45,000 pounds from the privy purse; but during the fifty years of the Queen's reign these plates have entailed a much larger expenditure than they did in the sixty years that George III. was on the throne, the total being rather over £179,000. Altogether a sum not far short of half a million has been spent upon them from first to last.

Larry Hart says that "both Cardiff and Killen were only seeking newspaper notoriety by challenging Sullivan, and when a good, square man like Mike Conley put up his money and wants a good, straight match there is always some excuse, says the Glidden Pioneer. Let them stop talking Sullivan in the newspapers and attend to Mike Conley in the ring and either one of them will find out that he has run against a snag."

Tommy Danforth, the clever Harlem feather-weight, by his late victory over Billy Welden, of Brooklyn, has proved that Tommy is not on the decline, as many people seemed to suppose. A battle between Danforth and Havlin, of Boston, is talked of.

The Niagara Falls Racing and Fair Grounds Association has now a fair chance to re-establish itself. The committee on increased stock recently reported \$24,400 in subscriptions, whereupon the remaining \$600 was immediately guaranteed, which gives the association a total stock of \$25,000, and saves the grounds from being sold by the sheriff, as was announced.

The American Turf Congress held a special meeting at Cincinnati, on Dec. 14, at which the Louisville, Lexington, Latonia, St. Louis and Washington Park associations, of Chicago, were represented. President Green, of St. Louis, was in the chair. Applications for admission to the congress were made by the Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Association and the Waldo Park Racing Association, both of Kansas City, and the Twin City Driving and Jockey Club, of St. Paul, Minn. The last-named association was duly admitted, but the Kansas City clubs were continued over to the next regular meeting. A by-law was passed, however, prohibiting mixed meetings of running, pacing and trotting by members of the American Turf Congress.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

Columbus, Ohio.—The left arm.
M. HAIDE, New York.—Sixes are high always.
A. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—There is no such book published.
J. McC., Philadelphia, Pa.—Arthur Chambers, of your city.
M. F. D., New Haven, Conn.—Have not the address of the party.
K. G., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Tom Sayers' average weight was 164 pounds.
G. B., Rochester, N. Y.—He must cover the bet and also show up \$1,000 in order to win.
W. A. B., Chester, Pa.—The party that gave the two has to make two before he is out.
J. T., Butte City, Montana.—Jem Carney was born in Birmingham, Eng., Nov. 5, 1856.
J. C. B., Hempstead, L. I.—Ryan and Sullivan last boxed at San Francisco on Nov. 28, 1886.
J. D., City.—Joe Coburn was born in Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835.
CONSTANT READER, Sidney, Ohio.—Charles Mitchell was born at Birmingham, Eng., Nov. 24, 1861.
E. C., Vancouver Barracks, W. T.—Ryan and Sullivan fought Feb. 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, Miss.
J. F., Cleveland, Ohio.—George Holden and Frank White fought at Conneaut, Ohio, Nov. 16, 1881.
G. F. F., Wyandotte, Ohio. 1. John Joseph Killion. 2. John L. Sullivan's height is 5 feet 10½ inches.
L. S. C., City.—Alf Power and Bob Smith are both good trainers; they can be addressed care of this office.
W. H., Minerva, Ohio.—Each side will be allowed 20 friends at the fight. The ticket money will go to the winner.
F. E. R., Rockland, Me.—Yes; records were published in POLICE GAZETTE. The copies will cost 10 cents each.
D. R. J., Sherrodsville, Ohio.—Tom Allen, the heavy-weight pugilist, is keeping a sporting house in St. Louis, Mo.
C. B. G., Paterson, N. J.—Paddy Ryan is living at San Francisco, Cal. He has been on the Pacific Coast for the past year.
G. R., Onondaga, N. Y.—There are any number who do tattooing in New York. Advertisements in the POLICE GAZETTE are \$1.00 a line.
H. P. E. and H. A. D., Forney, Texas.—A whip. B cannot count the \$500 put up. He must have \$100 outside of the \$400 to win the bet.
F. S., Jersey City, N. J.—On the night Mitchell boxed Sullivan Mitchell gave his weight as 150 pounds. Sullivan weighed over 160 pounds.
M. B., Pittsburgh.—Sullivan was knocked down by Charley Mitchell in their contest at Madison Square Garden, New York, May 4, 1883.
J. G., Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-one pound hammer, handle 3 feet 6 inches, 70 feet; G. Davidson, professional, at Edinburgh, Scotland, June 2, 1883.
P. S., Spring Brook, N. Y.—Sullivan and Ryan fought for the championship of America and \$5,000 in stakes, Feb. 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, Miss.
R. H., Gold Hill, Col.—Yes; Heenan and Mace went on a sparring tour in 1869 and '70, and they appeared in the National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio.
M. G., Muskegon, Mich.—Jack Dempsey and George Le Blanche, the Marine, fought March 14, 1886, and Dempsey won in 13 rounds, lasting 62 minutes.
E. E. B., Lowell, Mass.—Address Frank Hall, manager Elite Rink, Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa., or Madison Square Garden, New York.
CONSTANT READER, Alexandria, Va.—Patrick Ryan was born in the town of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853. He fought Sullivan Feb. 7, 1882.
J. H., Fletcher, Mich.—Sullivan never knocked Mitchell out; they boxed at Madison Square Garden, May 4, 1883. The police stopped the contest in the third round.
J. C. H., Morris, Minn.—Hiram Woodruff's "Trotting Horse of America" is out of print. A copy might be procured by inserting an advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE.
D. L. H., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, London, Eng., on May 15, 1856. He stood 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and his average weight was 164 pounds.
E. B., Honeoye Falls, N. Y.—Mitchell will fight at about 160 pounds, Sullivan at 150 pounds. 2. John C. Heenan was a great fighter, but unfortunate. He never won a fight he engaged in.
W. S., Sheboygan, Wis.—Ryan was floored three times, once in the second round and twice in the third round. The last was a settler. He was smashed in the jaw and knocked clean off his feet.
M. KOCH AND C. WALDRON, City.—Reagan was not knocked out; he was beaten and his second, Bob Smith, threw up the sponge in the 45th round to save his man from further punishment.
T. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Charley Mitchell has never been knocked out in a ring encounter. The decisions were given against him in his glove fights with Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey.
A. L. P., Boakelman, Dak.—1. Can a dealer, in draw poker, draw five cards? Yes. 2. How long does it take for a telegraphic dispatch to reach London from New York? Fifteen minutes.
F. J. B., Columbus, Ohio.—A. B. and C. are playing seven up. A has one to go, B two to go, and C three to go; A deals, turns Jack, B begs and A won't give. Please state whether C can give? No.
T. W., City.—The winners of Derby and St. Leger stakes in 1886 are: Derby, Duke of Westminster's Ormonde, by Bend Or, with Fred Archer up, 2:45 3-4, and St. Leger, Ormonde, Archer up, in 2:31 1-2.
M. L., Uniontown, Pa.—In a game of forty-five I want to know if the ace of hearts calls for a heart when hearts is not the trump; if you have not a trump to give must you follow suit with a heart? Yes.
P. H. D., Westoria, L. S., Mich.—A. B. C. and D. are playing draw poker. A deals, B antics, C straddles, all draw cards; who has the ace, the ante man B, or the straddle man C? B has the ace after the draw.
H. F., Washington, D. C.—1. B holds ace, deuce, tray, four and five spots, same denomination. A holds jack, queen, King, ace and ten, different denominations. Which wins? A wins. 2. Does a flush beat a full hand when straights are being played? No.
C. S. and W. G., Philadelphia, Pa.—Paddy Ryan was born in the town of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853; John L. Sullivan, born at Boston, Mass., Oct. 15, 1852; Tom Sayers, born at Pimlico, London, Eng., May 15, 1856; Jem Mace, born at Swaffham, near Norwich, Eng., in 1831.
E. and C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—B wins; Sullivan won the championship of America by defeating Paddy Ryan on Feb. 7, 1882. He never fought for the championship of the world, and what is more, he refused to fight Jim Smith for that title when offered the opportunity and good backing two years ago.
N. R. B., Sunset, Montana.—A belt was offered by Jack Harrison of New York, in 1842, for the winner of the championship fight between Tom Secor and Yankee Sullivan. The fight took place in February, 1842, at Staten Island, and Yankee Sullivan won, and the belt was given him in 28 Park Row, a saloon kept by Randall Smith.
M. McKee, La Grand, Kas.—A. B. C. and D. are playing poker: D declares himself playing open, B opens a jack pot for \$5. D stays in; they draw, and B bets \$20. Does D have a show for the pot, or does he have to call the bet? D has to make good the bet if he wants to stay in, unless he has no money, then he must be given a show.
C. K., Detroit, Mich.—John L. Sullivan never fought for the

championship of the world; he beat Paddy Ryan for the championship of America, Feb. 7, 1882, at Mississippi City, Miss. When offered a chance to fight Smith he refused; he was afraid to tackle the brawny Briton against whom Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, is matched.

L. B. D., Wellsville, N. Y.—Aaron Jones and Ed. Price never fought. Jones came here in 1858 to train John C. Heenan for his fight with John Morrissey. Jones fought Mike McCool on August 31, 1867, and McCool won in 34 rounds, lasting 28 minutes. On Feb. 18, 1869, Aaron Jones died at Leavenworth, Ind. It was reported that he was poisoned.

H. C. M., Stillwater, Cal.—Mike Donovan and George Rooke never fought. They made two attempts to fight, but were prevented by the police. A second match between them was declared off by mutual consent. 2. No; Jack Dempsey has the best record of any pugilist America ever produced. 3. Yes, the performances are good; practice alone will make you perfect.

W. H. L., Oswego, N. Y.—Two men are playing poker and one man borrows to stay, and then borrows to bet, the other raises him again, is the borrower entitled to a show or not? Hasn't he got to borrow again to make the pot good?—He has to keep on borrowing if he wants to stay in the pot, if he had asked for a bet he should have given one if he did not borrow to make good the first time.

T. J. M. M., Pas Rabies, Cal.—1. Pacing one mile, Johnston, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1884, 2:06 3-4. 2. Running one mile, Ten Brock, 5, 110 pounds, at Louisville, May 24, 1877, 1:35 3-4. 3. Trotting one mile, Maud S., Cleveland, O., July 30, 1885, 2:08 3-4. 4. Jake Kilrain was born at Greenport, Columbia county, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1859. Jem Smith in London, England, and John L. Sullivan in Boston, Mass., Oct. 15, 1858.

G. W. E., Lincoln, Col.—Morrissey and Poole met in the City Hotel, corner Broadway and Howard street. Morrissey insulted Poole, and said Poole dare not meet him and fight for \$500. Each put up \$50 forfeit. The men met and fought the next morning on Amos street dock. The fight only lasted a few minutes. They bit and gouged each other. Finally Morrissey cried he had enough. Both men were frightfully punished.

J. W. East Brady, Pa.—Jake Kilrain, the American champion, stands 5 feet 10½ inches, weighs 210 pounds. His chest measurement is 41 inches; upon and around the biceps, 16 inches; forearm, 14 inches; waist, 34 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf of leg, 16½ inches. He will fight at about 190. Jem Smith is 5 feet 8½ inches high, weighs 212 pounds and fights at about 182 pounds. His measurements are, chest, 40½ inches; waist, 36½; hips, 40½; thigh, 24½; calf, 16½; biceps, 15½ inches.

H. B. A., Woodhaven.—Jack Dempsey and Le Blanche fought but once; the battle came off on March 14, 1886, and Dempsey won in 13 rounds, lasting 62 minutes. Dempsey and Joe Ellingsworth. Ellingsworth has better sense; he and Dempsey were to have met in a glove contest at Wilmington, Del., about a month ago, but Ellingsworth preferred earning his living by legitimate labor than fighting the Nonpareil. He left Wilmington before the date set for the match, and came on to New York and got a job.

LATEST SPORTING.

The election of officers of the New York Yacht Club for 1888 will be held at the club house, No. 67 Madison avenue, on Thursday evening, February 2.

There will be a toboggan slide built on the Washington Park grounds in Brooklyn this year. C. H. Ebbetts, the manager, says the slide will be a first class one.

Montgomery Breckenridge, of the law school, Columbia College, won first prize, a \$10 set of chess men, offered in the chess tournament that has been going on in the college since Dec. 1.

Mr. William Turner, of Versailles, has purchased of Mr. J. T. Mock, of Danville, the bay stallion "Mock Chief," four years, by Messenger Chief, dam the dam of Prince Wilkes, record 2:16; price, \$2,000.

A gold championship badge will be shot for at Oceanport, N. J., on the 26th inst. The shoot is open to all residents of Monmouth county. Entries must be addressed to F. Alder, Park Hotel, Oceanport, N. J.

The international checker contest at Chatham, Ont., between Wright, of the States, and Labadie, the Canada champion, was finished Dec. 10. The score at the close stood: Wright, 4; Labadie, 3, drawn, 8.

The gold medal of the North Side Gun Club of Woodside, L. I., was won, Dec. 14, by President Durree, with a clean score of seven birds killed. Mr. Durree has been successful in winning seven times this season.

Minneapolis Manager Foster has sold the franchise of the Minneapolis baseball team to W. E. Gooding, a wealthy local railroad man, for \$7,000. A team able to compete with any in the Western League will be put in the field.

The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club had fourteen members to shoot for the Donnelly badge at Woodlawn, L. I., Dec. 14th. It was won by F. Lanzer from the 25-yard mark, who killed 7 birds straight. Three men killed out of 7.

Two new toboggan slides are in course of erection at the Polo grounds. Manager Bell says that torches instead of electric lights will be used to light up the grounds, as the former is found to be hurtful to the eyesight when tobogganing on the ice.

Wm. P. Corney, of Philadelphia, Frank Hall's agent, sailed for England Saturday last to secure the famous pedestrians, Charley Rowell, George Littlewood and Scott, for the six-day go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden, February 5 to 12.

Mr. J. I. Case says that all the talk about the little black trotting gelding, Jay-Eye-See, being broken down is nonsense. "He is now being jugged at Racine by Ed. Bither," said Mr. Case, "and is showing up well. I expect him to be a greater horse than ever next year."

The Meadow Run Gun Club held a member shoot at Tremley, N. J., recently. Charles C. Weeks, of Newark, and Barker Bradford, of New York, each won first prizes in different matches. Bradford killed 30 straight blue rock pigeons and Weeks made a similar score on clay birds.

At a regular meeting of the Wyanoke Boat Club the following officers were elected: John Shannon, president; John O'Neill, vice-president; Wm. Sutherland, treasurer; Gus Lange, Jr., secretary; Ed. Baer, captain; Wm. Wilson, lieutenant; Chas. Cullen, H. C. Shirley and J. B. Jacobs, trustees.

Ephraim Sewell, of Long Branch, and George Waldo, of New York, were contestants in a shooting match at live pigeons at Sea Girt Dec. 14. One hundred birds were shot at, 28 yards rise, Hurlingham rules, for \$100 a side. A large crowd witnessed the match. The score stood: Waldo, 42; Sewell, 40.

Capt. Conner of the St. James Hotel, recently received from England a painting of the late Fred Archer, the famous English jockey. The painting is 9 feet high and portrays Archer as he appeared in his turf togs of black shirt and pink silk cap. The painting is on exhibition at the hotel, and is attracting a big crowd of visitors daily.

S. G. Whittaker and A. A. McCurdy, the great speed cyclists, have arranged a match race at 5 miles, to take place at Washington rink, Minneapolis, within six weeks. Each man's backer has placed \$1,000 forfeit in the hands of Steve Carlisle. The race is to be for \$2,000 to \$5,000 a side. McCurdy's backer is Tom Roe, of Chicago, while Col. Tanner, of Minneapolis, is backing Whittaker.

The New Jersey Trotting Horse Breeders' Association met at Trenton, Dec. 14. Sixty members were present. A committee was appointed to draft a bill to be presented to the next Legislature, asking for the protection of pedigrees, and putting the responsibility upon stallion owners for damage by accident to mares left in their charge. Col. A. Louder Snowden addressed the association and attacked pool selling, saying that no honest race could be given where pools were sold. Officers for the year were elected as follows: A. V. Sargent, Somerset Stock Farm, Karitan, President, John W. Ballantine, of Somerville, First Vice-President; George Wilde, of New Egypt, Second Vice-President; Charles Basili, of Inevitable Stock Farm, Irvington, Treasurer; Col. Edward S. Edwards, of Newark, Secretary. Executive Committee—Messrs. Catigan, Ballantine, Wilde, Allen, Bergen and Konover. It was decided to hold the annual trotting in August at Somerville.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

THE CHAMPION'S COLORS.

The magnificent colors which were worn by Jake Kilrain in his great fight of 106 rounds with Jem Smith for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, are now ready. These colors are printed on silk of the very best quality, and measure 34x35 inches. The designs are woven in brilliant hues, and the whole emblem constitutes a superb souvenir. They can be obtained at this office at the rate of \$5 apiece, which exactly covers their cost. As only a few have been manufactured those who desire to secure the American champion's colors should send their orders in at once.

Punch Callom, the well-known English pugilist, is dead. He was buried at Finchley, Eng., Dec. 1.

Tommy Warren has commenced training for his fight with Patsy O'Leary for a purse of \$1,000, Jan. 12.

Luke McHugh, of Urbana, Ohio, is out with a challenge to any man in the country to fight him, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$5,000 a side.

Paddy McDonald and the "St. Joe Kid" will meet in Duluth for a fight of 8 rounds on January 1, for 60 and 40 per cent. of the gate receipts.

Charley Gleason and Harry Gilmore, of Montreal, have signed articles for a finish fight near Minneapolis, to take place before New Year's Day.

Charley Spencer has gone to Pittsburgh with his backer, Mike Slattery, to arrange a match with Daly of Pittsburgh, for a glove contest to a finish or with blackened gloves for points.

James Keenan, the backer of the Belfast Spider, offers to match Weir against his late opponent, Warren, in a fight to a finish, at any time, half way between Chicago and Boston, for \$2,500.

McAuliffe and Billy Dacey are to fight ten or fifteen rounds for a purse, in a Boston club room, within three weeks, and after that McAuliffe says he will be ready to meet any light-weight that wants to challenge him.

Bill Busby, the boxing glove maker, has gone on a trip to Europe, accompanying Mr. Barker, the American champion checker player, who is matched to play in Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 26, for the international championship and \$1,000 a side. During Mr. Busby's absence Col. Tom Earley, of Lagrange street, Boston, will have charge of his glove-making business.

Jem Carney had a benefit at Boston, Dec. 19, that netted him about \$2,500. Carney and Mike Daley boxed three tame rounds as the wind-up. When the two were introduced the referee, at Carney's request, announced the latter's retirement from the ring. Poor "Jem," after all his "blather," has had to acknowledge that he wants no more of McAuliffe, sick or well.

George Siddons, of Chicago, and John Connors, of Philadelphia, fought a 15-round draw fight at Duluth, Minn., Dec. 10. Pat Killen was referee. Connors did most of the fighting and got in a good many hard blows, but Siddons made such good use of his tactics that Connors could get in little effective work. Connors' left hand was injured in the 4th round, but he had much the best of the battle, which was for \$500 and gate receipts. Failing to secure a knock-out, the receipts were retained by the house.

Jim Keenan, of Boston, who backed John L. Sullivan in his fight with Paddy Ryan, in 1882, says that Sullivan would never meet any man again with bare knuckles. "John can hit a harder blow with the gloves than he can with his fist," said Keenan, "and while he has been knocking men out right along with the gloves, he never knocked anybody out with his bare knuckles. The proposed fight with Jem Smith will never take place, for John won't train, and he won't fight in his present soft condition. Two or four-ounce gloves suit him better than anything else."

Jake Stearns, the backer of Jack Dempsey, called at this office and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—Seeing that Johnny Reagan is not satisfied with the result of his late fight with Jack Dempsey, and that he thinks under Queensbury rules the verdict might have been reversed, I hereby offer to match Dempsey against Reagan to fight with 2-ounce gloves, under Queensbury rules, for \$1,000 a side and the net gate receipts, all to go to the winner. The contest to take place in public. A fight of this kind can be brought off at St. Paul or Minneapolis and the number of rounds be made as high as thirty or forty, pretty near a finish fight, where men are in earnest. A gate of \$4,000 to \$6,000 can be secured in either of these cities. If Reagan objects to going so far, I will make the match for ten or fifteen rounds, Reagan to name the limit, and have the contest take place in any hall that can be secured nearest to this city. I have posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox to bind a match. Should Reagan prefer a match for the gate alone, I will accommodate him at his option, make it for all, or 75 per cent and 25 per cent. The man having the best of the contest to be decided the winner. Trusting to hear from Reagan at an early date, I remain, very respectfully, JAKE STEARNS.

Jimmy Conlan, a well-known professional wrestler, and Mike Lyons, of Birmingham, England, fought with bare knuckles, according to London prize rules, at Staten Island on the night of Dec. 15. A purse of \$100 was put up and they battled like maniacs for nearly half an hour. It was one of the most brutal prize fights of recent times. The milling was done at a well-known resort near Stapleton. Only a select few were given the tip as to the fighting grounds, and they journeyed down to Staten Island by an early evening boat. From 8 o'clock until nearly midnight the bar did a flourishing trade, and when the clock struck 12 the men went to the ring. This was in an old out-house, and was reached by going over a fence by means of step ladders. There was no floor in the building and the ground was filled with broken glass. In the falls during the battle the men were cut about the body in a terrible manner and blood flowed like champagne at a political gathering. When everything was in readiness Pete Donohue was chosen referee and Billy Robertson timekeeper. When time was called the men went to the centre and sparred for an opening. They soon got to close quarters and pummelled each other viciously until Collins cross-butted his adversary and threw him heavily. The 2nd round again saw Collins force the fighting and he again threw Lyons, whose back was cut in many places. Both men went to work savagely in the 3rd round, and the punishment administered was very severe, although not done in the most scientific manner. The 4th round was the longest of the fight and saw Lyons punished terribly. The round ended in Lyons being knocked clean off his feet, and Collins was allowed first knock-down. The 5th round saw Lyons very weak and he wished to stop, but his seconds urged him on and he again went up to be pounded by his lighter but stronger and more vigorous antagonist. Lyons was again knocked down in this round and was so weak that when time was called for the 6th round his seconds threw up the sponge and Collins was awarded the fight. Collins weighed 145 pounds and Lyons 152. Each is 5 feet 7 inches tall. Lyons was attended by Danny Williams and a friend, and Collins was looked after by Ed McDonald and Dan Custy.

A glove contest for \$300 a side, witnessed by 50

local sports, came off at Binghamton, Dec. 19 between Bob Slade, alias Duffy, a New York fighter, and John Munyon, member of a late defunct baseball team. The fight was with 6-ounce gloves and consisted of 16 rounds, occupying 1 hour 40 minutes. In the 16th Slade threw up his hands and cried "Enough." Considerable money changed hands.

Jack Hopper and Billy Edwards, the Chicago light-weight, have signed articles to fight to a finish, with skin tight gloves, within 100 miles of New York, in three weeks, for \$500 a side. Each has posted \$250, the balance is to be deposited with the stakeholder two days previous to the fight. The men are to weigh six hours previous to entering the ring and are restricted to 130 pounds. "Police Gazette" rules will govern the contest, and but twenty persons will be allowed each side.

Jack McAuliffe visited Boston last week for the purpose of seeing Jem Carney and proposing a new fight. McAuliffe says: "Almost everybody blames me because I did not go into the ring again with Jem Carney. Although I was not well, I was ready to continue the fight, as I said in an interview published in the Globe before I left Boston last time. But my backers had the management of the whole thing, and I had to do what they said. It was their money, not mine. But now that is settled, and I control my own actions, I am ready and anxious to prove that I am not the coward I have been said to be, and if Carney is really anxious to fight I will meet him under any conditions and anywhere, even in England. If he will wait two or three months until I am perfectly well," McAuliffe is sincere, and is anxious to be relieved of the blame which should be attached to other people. McAuliffe and Carney were introduced at the Athenian Club. McAuliffe sent the following letter to the press before returning home:

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I am willing to meet Jem Carney in a 10-round contest under the auspices of either the Athenian Club of Boston or the New York Racquet Club, for a purse of \$1,000. I am induced to make this proposition owing to the fact that Carney is about to return to England, and has not accepted my offer to fight to a finish in three months. The contest to take place in two or three weeks.

JACK McAULIFFE.

Carney has published an acceptance of the challenge for a 10-round contest and names the New York Racquet Club as his preference for holding the match.

One of the most desperate fights ever witnessed was decided in London, Eng., on Nov. 30, between Bill Reader and Dave Burke. The men fought for \$500, and the admission was \$5 and \$2.50 and the hall was packed. Prof. Ned Donnelly was chosen referee. Jack Harper, Jem Smith's famous second, and Jem Dillon seconded Reader, while Burke had Jack Baldock and Jem Goode, Jr., for his attendants, while the old "un" secured a place in his corner. Both men had a few colors out, but they were not very conspicuous amongst the company. Reader's being a black and blue cross-barred handkerchief, while Burke's was a tartan plaid. The principals and seconds having shaken hands, the latter were ordered out of the ring, and the men stood up for the contest.

ROUND 1—As they advanced to the middle of the ring the condition of each was eagerly scanned, and to the most casual observer the Fulham lad looked the fittest, the muscles on his body showing very prominently. Burke, who wore a deep strengthening plaster round his loins, looking rather fine drawn. Both commenced steadily, Burke standing well over his man, was the first to lead off, and got home slightly on the head with the left. He next tried the same hand on the body, but was met by Reader, who though not so tall, possesses a very long reach; good exchanges followed, Burke principally trying to get both hands home on the face and neck of his opponent, while the latter contented himself with visiting the body, there being but little to choose between them when ordered to their corners.

2—Both were up sharp to the call of "Time;" and but little preliminary sparring was indulged in before Burke again led with the left at the head, and getting home, jumped away again. Reader, however, would not be denied, and, though Burke again got home, Reader followed him up, and landed the left on the throat, after which he got home heavily on the mark, but received two from Dave on the dial before he could get away. Both were now very busy, but though Burke seemed the best general, and the most active, his blows did not appear to have the same effect as those of his antagonist; still, his friends were very confident, and had betting been permitted any reasonable amount of odds would have been bet on his chance.

3—Though Burke still forced the fighting, he got but little the best of the exchanges, which were very similar to those in the previous rounds. Dave, although he occasionally got home on the body, fought principally for the head and neck, while the short ribs and chest had the most attractions for Reader.

4—Dave was again the first to commence hostilities, and, boxing very fast, landed his left three times without getting a return from Reader, his friends becoming rather jubilant, as during the first half of the round he showed to more advantage than he had done from the start. Reader, however, nothing daunted, kept well to his work, and just before they were ordered to their corners delivered his left flush on Dave's nose, the blow being followed by a tinge of the carmine. First blood to Reader.

5 and 6—The battle was still very evenly contested, first one and then the other looking to have a trifle the best of the contest. Reader if anything being the strongest.

7—The pace at which they had been boxing now began to tell on both, for though neither showed any severe marks of punishment, they got decidedly slower. Reader still pegged away on the mark and ribs, driving Burke for the first time round the ring. Dave then freshened considerably, and by the aid of some good blows on the chin and neck turned the tables on the Fulham youth, who had now the best of the deal when the interval of rest was ordered.

8 and 9—Nothing particular worthy of remark occurred till near the finish of the 9th round, when Burke succeeded in tapping Reader's claret.

10—This was all in favor of Burke, who seemed to hold the trump card at the finish. However, when they were ordered to their corners, he hit Reader with his right hand. This brought forth an appeal of foul from Reader's seconds, but as Reader had his hands up at the time the referee would not allow it, but cautioned Burke as to his conduct. Nothing further was required, as both kept on in a very fair manner during the next rounds, which space will not allow us to give particulars of. Suffice it we state that Reader, after hitting Burke on the chin, followed it up with a blow on the ribs, from which the latter fell, and not being able to resume the battle in the usual 10 seconds allowed, Reader was declared the victor. Reader, who hails from Fulham, and belongs to the same school as Arthur Bobbitt, is in his twenty-third year, and was introduced to the sporting public by Mr. G. Lake last spring, since which time he has proved successful twice over Evan Davis of Forest Gate, once in a six-round contest and once in an eight-round contest. He also beat J. McCarthy of Poplar, in two rounds; beat Dido Hopwood in a 13-round contest at the Lambeth School of Arms, and beat W. Matcham in a 6-round contest at the opening of Jem Mac's rooms in Brewer street, Golden square. He stands 5 feet 3½ inches in height, and for the contest under notice trained during the last fortnight near Hampton Court, under the care of H. Brown of Fulham, and certainly lacked nothing as regards condition, and on going to scale in the afternoon it was found he was just within the stipulated weight. Dave Burke, as many of our readers are aware, is a brother of the well-known Jack Burke, who has for some time resided in America, but is now about to visit Australia, and though not twenty years of age until February next, has been before the public about four years. He commenced his career as a boxer by winning a competition in Lambeth, after which he had a long run of uninterrupted success in competitions all over the metropolis, and on Dec. 1, 1885, he defeated Bill Hook, of Billingsgate, in a 12-round contest at the West End School of Arms, and in 1886 beat Ben Seth at Lambeth under similar conditions, and followed this up by winning Tom Symonds' light-weight competition, wherein he defeated the East End phenomenon, Sam Baxter, in the final. Early in the present year he won a competition at the Royal Aquarium theatre, Westminster, open to all comers at a stone 10 pounds, and in the beginning of March met W. (Dido) Hopwood in the old style, the battle, after lasting nearly an hour, terminating in a draw, which resulted in the pair having to interview one of Her Majesty's judges and retire into seclusion for a short time. Burke stands 5 feet 4 inches in height, and for this engagement brought down the beam at a trifle over 8 stone 13 pounds.

Do not fail to buy next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538. A large double-page engraving of the actual fight will be presented to each purchaser of this issue. Orders should be placed at once with your newsdealer.

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

OUR CHAMPION.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGHT.

The next number of the "Police Gazette," No. 538, will have the best and most accurate illustrations of the terrible battle with over one hundred scenes and incidents taken on the spot by "Police Gazette" special artists. There will also be presented with No. 538 a LARGE DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT of the great battle suitable for framing. Newsdealers should send their extra orders at once to their news companies.

Presidents Reach and Pennypacker, of the Philadelphia and Athletic Baseball clubs, state that they will continue to charge the 25-cent admission fee to all the games.

Charles Zimmerman, the Michigan strong boy, will meet Wm. J. Cahill, of New York, in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match, best three in five falls, at Newark, N. J., on Christmas day. The match is for \$100 a side and the gate.

Ted Hanson denies that his dog Snow was entered to run a hurdle race with the champion of the Colored League, and also 100 yards with Eben Washington for \$50 a side. He would not have any objections in running in a sweepstakes.

Wm. T. Speiser, of Danville, Pa., claims the championship of the State at club swinging, and offers to swing either light or heavy clubs, or both, for a stake and a championship medal. A deposit posted with this office will secure a match.

Wallace Ross, the carman, went to England in response to a telegram from Fred Martin, offering to back him against George Babear for \$1,000. He arrived in London on the 12th, and has since been unable to find "Martin." Nobody knows Martin or where he can be found.

Superintendent Seth Green, of the New York Fishery Commission, will receive applications for fish from now until March 1 from parties desiring to stock public waters in this State. The kinds of fish offered for distribution include salmon trout, brook trout, German trout, California trout, black bass, rock bass, yellow perch and pike.

Harry Umlah, the backer of Harry Langdon, and Warren Lewis, for Gabig, met at this office December 30 and posted \$150 each, the final deposit in the match between Langdon and Gabig. They are to fight 6 rounds with small gloves for \$250 a side and the gate receipts, at Odd Fellows Hall, Hoboken, N. J., on the afternoon of December 28.

The Whiting Fire Department, of Whiting, Iowa, will hold their first annual ball at the Opera House, Friday evening, Dec. 23, 1887. The boys will turn out strong for a big time. Music will be furnished by the Sioux City string band. The committee in charge of the ball are W. C. Whiting, Charles Koon, B. L. Watkins, Orr Easton, Lem Hamblin and Tom Hamblin.

The first game of the championship polo season was played at Jersey City, on Dec. 13, between the New York and Jersey City clubs. About 1,000 people witnessed the game, and the score was as follows: Stops in goal—Jersey City, 15; New York, 10. Fouls—Jersey City, 4; New York, 1. Goals—Forfeited on fouls, 1. Corrected score—New York, 6; Jersey City, 1.

Frank Dingley, the "Minneapolis Boy," who is now in his second year at professional bicycling, succeeded in breaking the 24-hour record, and in making his performance a remarkable one by riding 350 miles in that time. As a result of his great work he now holds all records from 47 to 350 miles. He easily wiped out Morgan's 8-hour record, Price's 12-hour record and Morgan's 24-hour record.

Capt. M. F. Connell, of the Dauntless Rowing Club, reports that the following members have rowed the miles given during the past season: M. F. Connell, 781; Austin, 718; Walright, 712; Knickerbocker, 693; C. J. Connell, 533; Glanville, 508; Ingile, 506; Wiles, 497; Crummins, 490; Froelich, 487; Anderson, 406; Duncan, 300; Wightman, 293; Edgar, 280; Spaulding, 253; McGinnis, 185; Camacho, 184; Oppenheim, 170; Walter, 144; Bacon, 129, and Lippert, 100.

Jack Carkeek, of Wisconsin, the Cornish wrestler, and Wm. D. Pascoe, his backer, arrived from England on the Adriatic on Dec. 18. While abroad Carkeek wrestled six matches and won them all. They called at this office the day following their arrival. They desire, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to return thanks to Mr. Geo. W. Atkinson and the staff of the Sporting Life, London, and also to all others who helped make pleasant their stay on the other side.

M. F. Cooney of Second avenue, offers to match a small black greyhound, Nellie, no record, against any hound in the State, no record, same weight; or for larger hound he is willing to allow half the handicap of American rules—that is, he wants three quarters of yard to the pound instead of one and one-half yards. He also challenges Capt. Ed O'Brien to race his dog Gypsy against his, Cooney's, dog Prince, for the championship of New York State and \$100 a side, best two in three heats, for 100 or 115 yards, on Monday, Dec. 26.

Jacksonville, Florida, will be the headquarters this winter for a number of athletes and pugilists. Already a number of wrestling and boxing matches have been arranged to take place there. Among the first who will leave for the Land of Flowers are, Ed McDonald, the light-weight pugilist and manager; Jimmy Conlan, collar and elbow wrestler; and Jack Bates, the Youngstown, Ohio, feather-weight fighter. These three will leave about the 25th of December. Billy Oliver, the Harlem boat builder, will make the trip in January.

Since his recent defeat by Billy Myers, the Streator, Ill., lad, Harry Gilmore and his backers have been quietly at work endeavoring to bring about another meeting. It has leaked out that the meeting has been arranged to take place within the next ten days. It will be for a purse of \$2,000, and the number of spectators is limited to twenty a side. The only question yet to be settled is the size of the gloves. Gilmore wants the mill to be either with skin-tight gloves or bare knuckles, while Myers would like something a little softer. Gilmore is hard at work in Minneapolis getting himself in shape for the fight.

Hon. W. L. Scott's racing stable was sold at Lexington, Ky., Dec. 15th. The sale was the most important one to racing men that has occurred since Mr. Pierre Lorillard sold his great stable of thoroughbreds. Mr. Scott had engaged his colts and fillies in every stake of importance for 1888 and 1889. His trio of winning colts by Rayon d'Or, Tea Tray, Torchlight, and Satan have engagements next year in stakes the estimated value of which add up to a total of about \$60,000. The Dwyer Brothers secured Tea Tray, the gem of the sale, for \$10,500. Torchlight, the second choice, was bought by Capt. Sam Brown for \$7,500. Matt Jordan, of Baltimore, paid \$5,100 for Satan. Mr. Scott's thirty-two head brought \$52,125, average, \$1,660.

Long Island chickens from South Brooklyn and Fort Hamilton were picked against one another in a private house near Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, early yesterday morning in a few trial battles, preparatory to a great main that is to be fought around Christmas Day between Long Island and New Jersey. There was no money posted, but the betting was heavy on the result of every battle. The owner of the Fort Hamilton birds is a well-known sporting man and believes in in-breeding. Only three battles were fought, but those were enough to show the superiority of his birds. The weights were as near equal as possible, about five pounds each. A duck wing was killed in

3 minutes by a Fort Hamilton bird, a spangle in 4 minutes and a blue checker in 5 minutes. The highest weight of the winning birds was 5 pounds 2 ounces, the lowest 5 pounds, and the strain is said to be one of the best in Long Island.

Billy Shultz and C. N. Ketterman both of Spearfish, Dakota, fought at that place, Dec. 9, for the gate receipts. The fight was under "Police Gazette" rules and was with the uncovered mawleys. "Wild Jake" was referee. The fight was a desperate one. Ketterman nearly broke Shultz's neck with a right-hand smash in the first round; in the second round he knocked his head through a window. Shultz was unable to come to time for the third round, and the fight was given to Ketterman. The receipts amounted to \$120.

F. P. Slavin, the champion pugilist of Queensland, has made up his mind to visit the United States, and will probably leave for this country about the first of the new year. He is said to be a very clever pugilist and can hold up his end with any one of his weight. The only thing that detains him in his native land is his desire to arrange a battle for the championship of Australia with Pete Jackson, champion boxer of Australia. Slavin means business and wants to fight Jackson in an open field, after the old P. R. style, midway between Melbourne and Sydney, \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side.

Harry Langdon, the heavy-weight pugilist, is soon to fight Bill Gabig for \$200 a side. He is a big young fellow of splendid physique, a good stayer and can hit with the force of a sledge hammer. His go with Gabig will be a good one as both are doing hard work, and are in strict training. Langdon walks from Union Square to Harlem, by way of Central Park, and back every other morning. He does most of his work punching the ball, however, which he appears to think is the best exercise a man can have when getting in condition. Gabig is training at Wilmington, Del. Langdon is being directed in his training by Prof. Harry Umlah, and his work is done under Umlah's supervision at the latter's gymnasium, Union Square.

John Donaldson is in receipt of a letter from Paddy Ryan, who is now in California, asking if there would be any prospect of getting on a fight with Cardiff if he should come to Minneapolis on his way East. In the letter Ryan says that if Kilrain beats Smith for the world's championship he proposes to challenge him for a fight to a finish for the championship and \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side. Ryan claims to be only second to John L. Sullivan in America. Cardiff had not made up his mind at last accounts whether he would meet Ryan or not. It is quite probable, however, that a 15-round contest with small gloves will be arranged to take place at the Washington Rink in January.

The following explains itself:

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 16, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette:

DEAR SIR—While in Havana, Cuba, I saw by a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE what claimed to be a challenge from Mr. Kendall of Boston for a mounted sword contest. Mr. Kendall claims to have deposited \$25 on a match of \$500. While I was in the East Mr. Kendall or any one else had no challenges to issue. Now that I am a respectable distance away, the would-be gladiators are beginning to appear with their \$25 challenges. If any swordsmen wants to meet me I will accept. I can notice him. What has become of the great Captain J. C. Daly? Has his wife still got him under injunction? If not, if he and Kendall can raise money, I shall meet them both in Jacksonville, Fla., Savannah, Ga., or Atlanta, Ga., any time in January, 1888. If this don't suit them, the probabilities are that I shall be with the Barnum show in New York, when I shall be prepared to meet any and all swordsmen at the rate of one at each performance of the Greatest Show on Earth. Respectfully, DUNCAN C. ROSS.

Jack McGinty, of New York, and Patsy Kerrigan, of Boston, boxed seven rounds at the Athenian Club, Boston, Dec. 15th. There was much speculation as to the result of the bout some favoring one man and some another, while not a few declared that it would be a draw. These latter people proved to be correct, for although an additional round was fought, the men proved to be so evenly matched that it was impossible for the judges to render any other decision. At the call of time both men stepped nimbly to the centre, where they danced around each other for nearly a minute, each apparently trying to size up his opponent. Kerrigan was the first to lead, but was stopped cleverly. Although the 2nd and 3rd rounds were almost the same, there were occasional rushes and exchanges which showed to what a state of cleverness these men had been schooled. After this, however, the best work commenced, and it is seldom that two more evenly-matched fighters, both in points of science and strength, are seen in a match. McGinty did not appear to be in quite such good form as when he met Paddy Duffy last. Nevertheless, he was equal to the occasion, and the two managed to keep each other pretty busy. After the fifth round was called the pair commenced to fight in earnest and some hard slugging was done. It was no go, however, and, although an extra round was fought, the judges were forced to decide the match a draw and divide the purse.

Johnny Reagan visited the "Police Gazette" office the second day following his fight with Dempsey. Bob Smith, his trainer, and Jack Ross, of Fulton Market, one of his backers, were with him. Reagan showed but few traces of the hard battle he had just come through. He is not altogether satisfied with the result of the fight. He said: "The fight was no test of our relative fighting qualities; it was nothing but a wrestling match. If we had fought under Queensbury rules, where the men have to fight instead of throwing each other around, I would have won. I never had seen a fight under the London prize ring rules until that one, and I don't want to see another. You see Dempsey was too good a wrestler for me. He would throw me down every time we clinched. In the first ring we fought in I did not mind that, because the ground was soft and it was just like falling on a feather bed, but after we moved to the other on good hard ground I began to feel the falls. Then his seconds, instead of lifting him off me as soon as we fell, would leave him on me the full half minute. In the fifth round, when we were fighting in the first ring, I was sure I should beat him. I had first blood and all the advantage, and his wrestling tactics were doing him no good. Well, I have trained three times in five months, and I think I'll take a rest for a while. After that I will post a forfeit for a match with Dempsey, Queensbury rules, for \$1,000 a side, to come off six months after we sign articles, and I believe that if I have fair play I can beat him."

Jimmy Nelson, of Norwich, and Prof. Haley, of Hartford, fought to a finish in Robertson's Hall, Montville, Conn., early on the morning of the 16th. Nelson comes from Williamsburgh, and has only lately taken up his residence in Norwich. Like Dempsey and McAuliffe, he is a cooper, and a graduate of the same shop that turned out those two famous fighters. To mislead the authorities the forty sporting men from Norwich and New London who attended the fight did not start for the scene until midnight. A ring was raised off in the hard-floored hall, with settees. The men stripped, Haley at 140 pounds and Nelson at 139. Haley, who has an academy of athletics in Hartford, was not in the best condition, but his antagonist was fine. For a dozen rounds the men were wary and did little solid work. In the 3rd round Haley gave Nelson a swinging right-hander on the eye that made the blood trickle. He also punished him hard on the ribs, doing very skillful work, but Nelson, who has more vim and endurance, worked away steadily at Haley's body, and finally wore out his wind. In the 12th round Haley breathed hard with open mouth, but he did aggressive work to the end. In a rush in the 21st round Nelson pummelled Haley viciously with quick successive blows, and at the end got in a sledge-hammer cut with his right on the latter's jaw. Haley was swung around, and fell on a settee. The 22d and last round was a repetition of the preceding one, and Haley was knocked down on the settee. He staggered to his feet and then sat down, acknowledging defeat. He could have outlasted several more rounds. He wants to fight Nelson to a finish with bare knuckles after a month's training. He was not badly bruised; and his only bad scratch was a cut on the lip. The proceeds from the sale of tickets at \$5 each were divided between the men. Haley has been defeated twice, once by La Blanche, the Marine.

With next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538, will be presented a splendid double-page supplement, illustrating the actual battle, from sketches. Orders for this issue should be at once given to your newsman.



DIED IN THE SKY.

A BIG BALLOON WITH A MYSTERIOUS CORPSE IN ITS CAR DROPS FROM THE HEAVENS TO THE EARTH AT OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.



THEY BLEW HIM UP.

INDIGNANTLY VIRTUOUS CITIZENS OF SCIENCE HILL, KENTUCKY, TREAT DOCTOR W. L. BARBER TO A DOSE OF DYNAMITE.



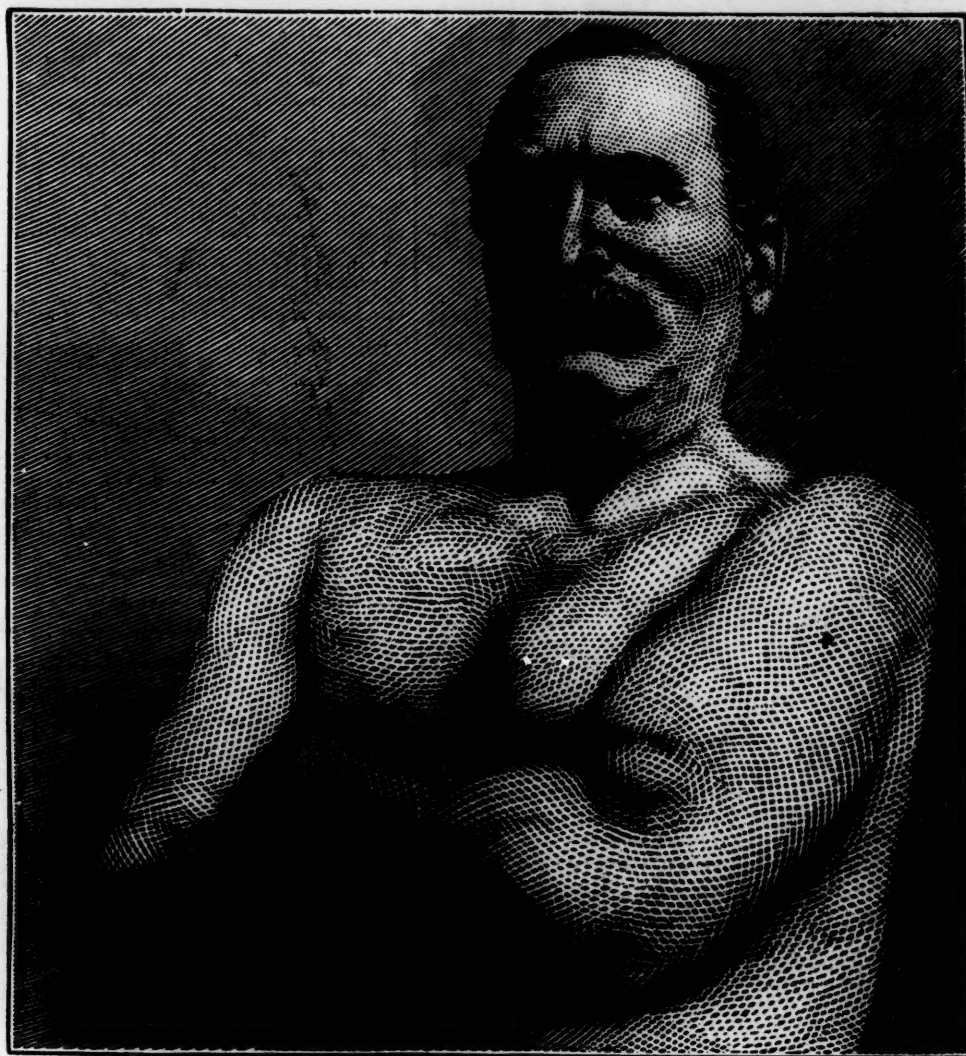
SHARP FIGHTING.

NEWT VORCE, A NOTORIOUS DESPERADO OF EASTERN COLORADO, IS RUN TO COVER WITH DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES TO HIS PURSUERS.



FANNIE,

CHAMPION TWENTY-TWO-POUND DOG OF KANSAS.



BILL BLAKE,

BETTER KNOWN AS "DUBLIN TRICKS," A FAMOUS PUGILIST.



THEY WEREN'T HIS OWN WHISKERS.

HORACE GROSS, A WITNESS IN MAGISTRATE LENNON'S COURT, PHILADELPHIA, PA., IS DENUDED OF HIS SLUGGERS BY LAWYER JOHN FOW.



CRIB,

THE WELL-KNOWN FIGHTING DOG OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



"DUNK" HUSSEY,

PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN AS THE LONG ISLAND SPIDER.

DISAPPOINTED.

How the Athletics Got Dumped
at the Last Minute.

PRES. STEARNS RESIGNS.

It Looks Like Trouble in the Detroit
Club.

OUTWITTED AT LAST.

A Fly Copper Gets Badly Fooled at a
Football Match

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22, 1887.
Baseball is an uncertain game, but not any more uncertain than the men who control it.
Talk about our baseball magnates. Well, I should smile if they ain't worse than the fishermen.

They will make a promise and swear to it on a stack of bibles as high as a mountain, and forget all about it five seconds later.
It has been cultivated to such an extent that it is regarded as a science.

The more elastic a magnate's conscience is the greater man he is.
They do not only deceive the players, press and public, but they dupe one another.

Each magnate watches the other like a hawk, for fear a job of some sort will be sprung on them.

The Athletic club of this city, wanted a representation on the schedule committee at the recent Cincinnati meeting of the American Association.

It was of vital importance that they should get a finger in the pie on account of the Philadelphia club having a representation on the National League championship schedule committee.

The sole aim of the Athletic club was to avoid a conflict of dates in Philadelphia. They had done it in years gone by and they were satisfied it was a losing scheme, for instead of hurting their rivals, they were only cutting their own throats.

It was the conflict in New York that choked the poor Metropolitan club to death, and it is the ghost of that club which is now haunting the Athletic management.

With the main object of getting on the schedule committee, the Athletic delegates devoted their whole time and attention to securing the pledges of the other clubs to vote for them.

Finally it was satisfactorily arranged and the Athletic representatives not only breathed freely, but they were serenely happy. They had secured the promise of every club in the Association to vote for them and nothing more seemed necessary.

When it came right down to voting, however, the very delegates who had pledged themselves to stand by the Athletics gave them the cold shoulder.

Only two clubs of the whole lot lived up to their promise, but as that was not sufficient the poor Athletics got left.

There is nothing new in baseball. Often a game hinges on a single hit or error, and it is the rule, as they do not seem to know their own minds five minutes at a time, and if they see a chance to further their own interest, they utterly disregard any pledges they may have made to other club magnates.

Is it any wonder they are afraid of one another and treat their every action with suspicion?

There is money in baseball, and big money, too, but the rulers do not show the proper spirit toward one another. There is plenty of trouble for all if they take things easy and work for each other's interest.

Pure greed, however, on the one hand and petty jealousy on the other, is doing all the harm at present.

Everybody is trying to get the best of it all the time, and there is not a man in the business who has not always got an axe to grind.

What is the matter in Detroit?
Can it be possible there is a row in the camp?

First the players form a combination against Manager Watkins, and declare they will not sign if he is retained, and the Board of Directors, after negotiating with Watkins, find him in defiance of the club. Mr. Frederick K. Stearns resigns from the presidency of the club.

Of course he does not show his hand, but gives the excuse of a "pressure of business."

It is a good excuse, only no one believes it.
Mr. Stearns has neglected his private business for so long that his sudden waking up don't go.

Could it be possible that the directors thought that money was spent too freely and really unnecessarily last season?

There is something and make no mistake. Fred Stearns is too valuable a man at the head of the Detroit club to step down and out for nothing.

Baseball is booming down in Texas, and a regular State league has been organized.

It is a great country, and if the people down there don't like a thing they are liable to demonstrate that fact in a rather forcible manner.

The ball players may get along all right, but the umpire will have to wear a straight jacket, and even then if he makes a mistake he is liable to be transformed into a sieve.

The salary of the umpire has not been fixed yet, but it is fair to predict that it will be not less than \$10,000 per year, owing to the personal risk that gentleman will have to take in the discharge of his duty.

Those ducks down there think nothing of lassoing an umpire and giving him a spin across the country behind a very stud, and in case he gets his brains dashed out against a rock, it is his own fault for not being tough enough to stand a little innocent amusement.

Those fellows are all good marksmen, too, and they think nothing of shooting the fancies off your mustache on a frosty morning.

They go on the principle that if we can't beat you we can lick you, and if they don't make it lively for the ball tossers next season, it will be because the ball men do not know the first rudiments about dodging lead.

Each city expects to have the champion club and they will all get it, as it is safe to say that each club will win all of its home games if Texas is anything like the lawless country we are told it is.

Baseball and guns may possibly make a great combination.
The St. Louis club will only be a shadow next spring of their former selves, after battling with such star players as Caruthers, Foutz, Bushong, Welch, Gleason and Latham, nevertheless they have the audacity to again tackle the Detroit in the spring.

Those two clubs made money hand over fist last fall, and although they will be about as evenly matched as professional and junior teams next season, they will play a series of games just the same.

When Von der Ahe's great champion team proved itself utterly incompetent to cope with the Detroit, it seems like utter folly for the remnant of that team filled in with raw material coming again to Detroit in a spring series. It has the appearance of a hippodrome.

They will take in the leading Southern cities, and, no doubt, make enough money to pay their expenses for the greater part of the season.

St. Louis may win, as Chicago did last spring, but then, you know, that don't count, as the world's championship series was settled last fall.

Had St. Louis held on to its old team, this spring series would, no doubt, be well worth seeing, as the Browns are more than making it lively for the Chicago and Philadelphia combinations at present on the Pacific slope.

Von der Ahe, however, has shown good judgment in splitting up his team. It was too strong for the other Association clubs and could win the pennant with such ease that all interest in baseball was being destroyed.

Spaulding did the same thing last year with his Chicago team, and made more money in the first two months of the season with his "dub" nine than he made in the whole of the previous season with his big champion team.

St. Louis may not stand high in the race next season but there is one thing certain and that is enough of the old players have been retained to infuse the old spirit of "getting there" into the new men, and the odds are \$1,000 to \$1 that the Browns will not be at the tail end of the race at the close of the championship campaign of 1888.

There is too much "get up and get" about Captain Comisky, for him to allow his team to lag behind last fall at the Harvard-Yale football match. Billy Rynn, the proprietor of the International Hotel, started to go through the police lines with Hueston, of the Daily News. They were stopped by Sweeney and Rynn politely introduced Hueston, and while the two were scrapping over Hueston's credentials, Rynn made his escape out on the field and was standing looking to Jim Mutrie and John B. Day when Sweeney, who prides himself on no one being able to beat him, came over and braced Rynn for his credentials. The latter laughed and, waving his hand toward Day and Mutrie, said: "Why, I am a member of the special staff." The two Club-ban magnates joined in the laugh, while Sweeney blushing beat a retreat and never knew he had been played for a chump until a few evenings since when they were introduced, and Sweeney gave the snap away by expressing his astonishment at Rynn not being a journalist.

JOE M. WEBER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]
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With next week's "Police Gazette," No. 538, will be presented a splendid double-page supplement, illustrating the actual battle, from sketches. Orders for this issue should be at once given to your newsman.

Every sport in the country should send five one-cent stamps for "The Police Gazette International Prize Fight Extra," which contains portraits of Kilrain, Smith, Mitchell, Atkinson, Harding and Richard K. Fox, with illustrations of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, "A Hero's Ensign," "The Briton's Banner," "A Superb Floral Tribute," and a history of the men and the match. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York City.

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Smith, Ainslie & Co., Booksellers, &c., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the "Police Gazette" in Great Britain. News-dealers, booksellers and others who desire to handle the "POLICE GAZETTE" and our illustrated books, are requested to communicate with them at once.

RICHARD K. FOX.

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ADVERTISING RATES.
Advertisements.....\$1.00 per line.
Reading notices.....2.00
Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The "Police Gazette" has 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 24 inches wide.

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No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.
Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

No new accounts are opened for advertising.
No commission will be allowed to any agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns.

TO READERS.
Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

THE NEXT GREAT ISSUE

—OF THE—

POLICE GAZETTE

Will be No. 538, containing illustrations and cable-grams with detailed particulars of the **KILRAIN-SMITH INTERNATIONAL MATCH.**

The "Police Gazette" sold 300,000 copies with the account of the Sullivan-Ryan affair and the interest in this event warrants preparation for a 300,000 sale.

The rate remains the same, **\$1.00 PER LINE**, giving advertisers the benefit of the enormous circulation without extra charge.

Advertisers must send in copy by first mail or they will get left.

RICHARD K. FOX,
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